

# THE LIVING AGE.

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## SALUTARIS HOSTIA.

When the moon is last awake  
Silver-thin above the fields,  
Crushed, like roses, for Thy sake,  
All my soul its fragrance yields.  
All my hungry heart is fed  
Sundering sweetness like a sword,  
O my Lord,  
Hidden within Thy broken bread.

Hands of morning, take the cup  
Whence the Life of Love is drained;  
Hold it, raise it, lift it up  
Till the lucent heavens be stained.  
Joy and sorrow, lip to lip,  
Lost in likeness at the end,  
O my Friend,  
Taste Thy wine of fellowship.

All life's splendor, all life's pride,  
Dust are they. I lay them down.  
They were thorns that when You died  
Wove for You a wounding crown.  
But the brier of death's in bud,  
All its loveliness he knows,  
Sharon's Rose,  
That has shared Thy flesh and blood.

*Marjorie L. C. Pickthall.*

## "THE TOCHERLESS LASS."

Drumore has a leash of daughters, and  
wants men for the three;  
Six milch-cows go with Juliet, and a  
mare of pedigree;  
With Bell a score of wethers, and a  
share in the fishing smack,  
And nothing at all with Anna but the  
shift upon her back.

Like a deer on the hill is Juliet, high  
breast and proud command;  
There's not a tree that's more com-  
posed, stands on her father's land;  
A lad might well surrender to that  
quick and tempting eye,  
With six milch-cows at pasture, and a  
fine strong mare forbye.

There is not in all broad Albyn, no,  
nor in the realm of France,  
The like of Bell the dainty one when  
she steps out to dance;

She sings to beat the thrush at morn,  
over her milking-dish,  
And she has the black-faced wethers,  
and an eighth-part of the fish.

But there's something about Anna like  
a fine day in June,  
Though I cannot put the words to't I  
could whistle't to a tune;  
The king himself would cock his hat,  
and stop for to admire,  
Even if she were a gipsy by a roadside  
fire.

Oh! cunning man is Cameron of Dru-  
more, I know him well!  
It's the best bird of the cleeking he  
would keep last to himsel';  
Two-thirds of Patrick's family I would  
not have in gift;  
When he brings them to the market,  
I'll have Anna in her shift!

*Neil Munro.*

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

## AT THE BEGINNING.

If the exile's pain has found you,  
Then the longing will never cease;  
'Tis a strong, sure spell, and it holds  
you well—  
Though you sigh for the old-time  
peace.

You have heard the call of the Island,  
And you never shall forget!  
You may stifle it down, in the swarm-  
ing town,  
To the throb of a dim regret.

But the ring of a chance word spoken  
In a crowded city street,  
Or the cry of a bird that is suddenly  
heard  
Through the tramp of the passing  
feet,

And the old, wild pain is at you,  
And the hot dreams surge again  
Of the noisy surf and the sweet, wet  
turf,  
And the beat of the mountain rain.

*Mona Douglas.*

*The Bookman.*

## AMERICA AT WAR.

President Wilson's valiant and long-continued effort to maintain the "processes of peace" within the United States, a major part of the rest of the world being at war, has failed. Reacting to the increasing insolence and aggressiveness of German procedure and to public opinion in America aroused in consequence, he committed himself on April 2 to a war policy that was quickly seized upon by Congress, amplified and emphasized, and within four days transmitted from academic utterance into serious and momentous action.

The declaration of war against Germany as enacted by Congress and signed by President Wilson is notable in many respects. In its broadest significance it marks the end of the second and the beginning of the third great epoch in the history of the United States of America, each succeeding epoch being greater than its predecessor in its influence not only upon the American people but upon humanity. The first epoch was inaugurated through the Declaration of Independence in 1776; the second began when the first gun was fired on Fort Sumter in 1861, ushering in as it did a civil war in the course of which nearly three million men bore arms; the third dates from April 6, 1917, and promises to afford future historians full scope for their descriptive and imaginative powers. It was on April 6 that the American Government, with the practically unanimous approval of a vast majority of the American people, declared as follows:—

"Whereas the Imperial German Government has committed repeated acts of war against the Government and the people of the United States of America, therefore be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives

of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, that the state of war between the United States and the Imperial German Government, which has thus been thrust upon the United States, is hereby formally declared, and that the President be, and he is hereby authorized and directed to employ the entire naval and military forces of the United States and the resources of the Government to carry on war against the Imperial German Government, and to bring the conflict to a successful termination. All the resources of the country are hereby pledged by the Congress of the United States."

Second only in importance to the fact that this resolution adds America to the long list of countries now at war against Germany is the significant wording of the declaration to the effect that it is against the "Imperial German Government" that war is declared and not against Germany as a nation. The Imperial German Government is alleged to have "committed repeated acts of war against the Government and the people of the United States," but the American Government and the American people through their representatives declare war against the Imperial German Government as now constituted and as distinct from the German people. It is possible to thus differentiate, as the German Government is an autocracy, politically responsible to its individual head and not to the German nation. It is a declaration of war by a modern democracy against an obsolete form of government. It is with a German Government subordinated to the will of the German people that the "Government and the people of the United States" hope to renew treaty relations later on.

The declaration of war was passed by the Senate by a vote of 82 to 6, and in the House by a vote of 373 to 50. These figures represent not only the status of sentiment in Congress, but are a probably more or less accurate indication as to the state of American public opinion as a whole. Roughly speaking, the vote in the Senate would indicate that there are at least six States in which pro-German or pacifist sentiment was strongly developed. Senator La Follette is from Wisconsin, a State of many Germans and strong pacifist leanings. Senator Gronna is from North Dakota, where the Swedish element is large and markedly pro-German. Senator Lane, of Oregon, does not seem to have so successfully interpreted the sentiments of his constituency in voting against war, as his course has aroused vast indignation. Senator Norris, of Nebraska, the State of W. J. Bryan, is for peace at almost any price, as is his political leader. Senator Stone, of Missouri, spoke for his German friends in St. Louis, and Senator Vardaman, of Mississippi is a pacifist. The opposition of these six senators was not on party lines, as three of them were Democrats and three Republicans.

The fifty members of the House who voted against war were animated by various motives. A few are avowedly pro-German, others are opposed to war under any conditions, and others believed that the time had not yet come for America to take up arms. It must be noted, however, that many of these men in the House and Senate who voted against the declaration of war did so merely to register their own convictions or those of their constituents, and not in any spirit of disloyalty to their country. Many of them have since taken occasion to announce that while they felt it their duty to vote against a declaration of war, once

the United States was at war they would give of their best to help carry on.

It is with these members of Congress as it is with an approximately equal proportion of the nation at large. The number who would fail of loyalty in the struggle now on is negligible. So long as there was a chance of averting war they stood for their pro-German, their anti-British, or their pacifist convictions or sympathies, but with America committed to hostilities these same people will ask no odds as to their loyalty, devotion, and willingness to sacrifice for the honor and safety of their country.

Two great factors have played a leading part in bringing America into the war by a practically unanimous vote. The first of these is the character of the submarine warfare conducted by Germany, with all it means in its violation of international law, treaties, plighted word, and the laws of humanity, and the second is the change of Government that has taken place in Russia. The fact that an autocratic and unconstitutional Russia was one of the Allies has hampered the progress of the Allied cause in America in many ways, both sentimental and practical. For many years the American public has been fed with anti-Russian literature, and it was a dull day in an American newspaper office when some story of autocratic Russian methods could not be dished up for the readers. That many of these stories were untrue mattered not. Nothing was so incredible or so unfavorable to the Russian Government as to escape belief. A vast ignorance of Russia and all that was Russian existed in America, and the general public had no knowledge or power of discrimination to be used in separating the true from the false.

Strong anti-Russian influences took advantage of this state of affairs, and



the powerful and intelligent Hebrew element in the population of the United States conducted a publicity campaign against the old Russian Government, only equaled in intensity and effectiveness by the campaign conducted at Washington and in the money markets against Russian financial effort. Had this state of affairs still existed when President Wilson asked Congress for a declaration of war against Germany, opposition thereto would have been greater. Just how much greater it is difficult to say, but perhaps it is not extreme to suggest that it might even have delayed the action of the President in laying before Congress his case against Germany with a view towards securing a declaration of war and a vast loan of money to the Allies. As it was he knew that the forces previously anti-Russian were now eager for the United States to assist the new Russian Government in every way possible. One of the most powerful Hebrew bankers in New York, notoriously opposed in the past to any loans of American money to Russia, has stated publicly within the past few days that since the revolution Russia had become a "favored nation" in the money markets of the world. It may be truly said that much so-called pro-German activity in the United States during the past two years and more has not been so much pro-German as it was anti-Russian. Tales of the vast resources of Russia and predictions as to the future economic greatness of that country fell upon deaf or prejudiced ears in America until the revolution swept away the autocratic form of government. Too much importance can hardly be given to this Russian factor in determining the degree of support now given by America to the Allied cause, for recent events in Petrograd have made a tremendous appeal to cherished tradi-

tions and principles, and in a day the formerly antagonistic Jewish forces have become reconciled to the idea of the United States of America as an Ally of a democratized Russian Empire.

There are now in the United States nearly two million people who were born in Russia, and nearly another two million who were born in Poland. These two foreign elements in the population considerably outnumber the Germans now in America who were born in Germany, and the revolution in Russia, with its guarantee of freedom for Poland, has converted these Russians and Poles from a people either hostile or indifferent to the government of their Fatherland into a community of fervent pro-Russians. It has also brought to the support of the United States and the Allies in their conduct of the war many Jews of other lands, even including many from Germany and Austria, who now look upon America as their homeland, in league with the new Liberal Government in Petrograd, pledged to abolish the largest Ghetto in all the world—the Jewish Pale. Even this necessarily superficial glance at one of the many problems of government as they present themselves in America suggests something of the complexity of the situation that has confronted President Wilson from August 4, 1914, to April 2, 1917, the day on which he put his convictions and policies to the acid test of a Congressional vote.

If it is true, as many believe and events would indicate, that President Wilson has been watching and waiting for that day when he could count upon the united support of the nation for sterner measures with Germany than were possible through diplomatic procedure, he chose his moment well, for he came in with the tide. During all these long months now mounting into years of war, he has continually,

and perhaps hopefully, striven for some peaceful and honorable way in which America could be spared actual hostilities. Until that day when the German Government announced its intention to adopt unrestricted submarine warfare as its principal weapon he may have still cherished the belief, or at least the hope, that the war would be brought to an end within a short time, or would be so conducted as to render American armed intervention unnecessary. From the day that Germany refused to modify her purpose, even after the United States had severed diplomatic relations, he must have abandoned all hope and have determined to devote his considerable talents and energies to preparing the American nation for the inevitable. In the light of what is only now revealed to the public, but what has been known to the Washington Government for many months past, new meanings can be read into the public utterances of the President during the past year. His conversion to armed preparedness for the United States was a *volte-face*, the explanation for which is now apparent, though at the time it was announced he was fiercely criticised by some of his closest friends. He could give no explanation at the time and was compelled to weather the storm as best he might, but he had the satisfaction of finding, even before the seriousness of the threat of war with Germany was realized, that the nation was largely with him.

Mr. Gerard, the late Ambassador to Berlin, has been talking freely to his own countrymen since his return from Germany, and the disclosures he has made as to the unspeakable barbarity of German methods are calculated to add considerably to American self-justification for war, if such justification be sought. What Mr. Gerard is now telling the public has been known

to President Wilson these many weeks, and he can have no illusions as to the character of the "Imperial German Government" with which he was so long exchanging diplomatic notes couched in terms of mutual good-will.

These matters are immaterial at the moment, however, for the die is cast and America is at war with the Central Powers, and to this end "all the resources of the country are pledged by the Congress of the United States." In the years to come it will be possible to set forth in logical array the political events of the Great War and to estimate more truly the strength of the many cross-currents that are influencing men and Governments at the present time. No more valuable and enlightening contribution to history could be made by any one man than is within the power of the President of the United States should he decide at the end of his term of authority to add another to the volumes of world history he has already written. A frank statement of the mental processes through which he has passed since August 4, 1914, and the events which brought them about, would constitute a volume of intense interest and vast historical importance. It would let daylight into many recent international situations now shrouded in mystery, and would show those who live through this war to that day of disclosures that what the many were allowed to know was as nothing compared with what was actually known to the few who had been so placed as to watch the progress of international affairs from behind the scenes. In less than three years the people of all the world have become so accustomed to expect only such information as their various Governments deem it expedient they should have that, when the veil is finally lifted, it will be found necessary to revise many of our judgments and convictions now formed

upon imperfect knowledge but to which we now give unswerving allegiance.

The people of all the world without the frontiers of the Central Powers have sighed with relief and hailed with joy the appearance of the United States in the armed arena ranged on the side of humanity against a would-be world-bully. This advent guarantees a whole-hearted victory over Prussianism, it gives promise of a shortening of the war, it eases the burden under which the Allies have been staggering, and compels the German General Staff to re-draw the Hindenburg line upon the map of Europe. Upon the submarine the Germans placed their hope, and while these underseas craft have done enormous damage and will do more, the grave of this German hope is already dug. The American Navy will assist in the actual warfare, and American industry will put more ships afloat within a year than have already been destroyed.

That the entrance of America into the war will lead to renewed German effort to bring about an advantageous peace is obvious. The nearer to the Rhine is drawn the Hindenburg line and the smaller the percentage of shipping destroyed by German submarines the more active will the German peacemongers become. To secure a cessation of hostilities will be the earnest effort of the German people as the Hindenburg line draws nearer to the Fatherland and it becomes more and more evident that the Allies are not to be starved out. The next few months will be times of great feats of arms on land and sea, but their effect upon the future of mankind will be no more significant in history than the political events impending. The terms of the settlement of this war will determine the fate of civilization beyond any time for which prophecy is possible, and the

fact that America has now become an Ally ensures the power of the victors to provide for the future as well as for the immediate years to come. One of the grounds upon which the Prime Minister of England welcomed America as an Ally was his expressed belief that the presence of America at the final council would be a guarantee of a "just peace."

As President Wilson says, America asks no new territory, no revenge, no indemnities, and no bill of costs for the blood and treasure that may be expended in this war. The purpose of America is to aid in putting an end for all time to what is now called Prussianism. With an eye single to this one purpose, and asking no material or political advantage from a victory, not even a reimbursement for what the war may cost, the struggle cannot end successfully for America until this purpose is satisfied. Unless the German Imperial Government is changed in character, or so hedged about with safeguards as to render it innocuous to the rest of the world, America's cause in this war is not triumphant, and, as has been stated by Congress, "all the resources of the country are hereby pledged" that it shall triumph.

It is this premise, and this alone, that justifies the entrance of America into the war being described, as it has been, as "the greatest political event in the history of the world." It is the first real step towards the carrying out of the plan for a league of peace for all the world. Such a union of all the civilized nations has long been talked of. It has been held that the greatest result of the war would be the birth of such a league. The manner of machinery that would be necessary for the successful carrying on of such a league has been a favorite theme for inventive intellect. It has not heretofore been admitted, or

even suggested, that such a league was possible until peace came again; that it could pass from theoretical into practical existence until the representatives of all the great civilized nations had met in solemn conclave after the war was ended and determined the manner of procedure should the peace of the world be again threatened.

During all this preliminary discussion an unrecognized but powerful agency has been at work to bring about a league for peace that should not await the threat of another war before becoming effective. On August 4, 1914, the first move was made. The British Empire joined with France, Belgium, and Russia, thus constituting themselves the nucleus of an organization for peace that was in time to secure the adherence of all peoples excepting the Germans and their dupes. Thirty-two months later the American people, awakening to the fact that while they had been talking of a future league for peace one was already in existence, and already hard at work in a most practical way to make dreams come true, discarded their academics and joined the league that was already far on its way towards the desired end.

The world league for peace is now practically complete. Within the league autocracies have no place and fall by their own weight, thus strengthening a cause which is essentially democratic. The war has now become a struggle on the part of the democracies of nearly a score of countries, comprising within their borders a vast preponderance of the population of the world, against the last refuge of autocracy, the enemy of the purpose of the league. The end is inevitable; democracy will win. The league for peace having its birth in the greatest war in all history, its brotherhood bound together by the spirit of a

common cause and a common agony, will be far stronger and far more lasting in character than if it had been recruited through popular appeal and its principles set forth in illuminated resolutions. The compelling need for all the world is now that this league for peace, with its armies and its navies now in the field, should accomplish its purpose at the earliest possible moment.

It is here that America steps in with a message of cheer to those who have borne the heat and burden until now. With a surplus of everything needed to carry on, America offers herself at a timely moment. The American navy is already at work; the American army will expand in time to whatever size may be needed in the near future. American industry has bent its back to the allotted task. The moral support has already been given and has brought relief and renewed hopefulness to the effort of all democracy, and practical and material support is quickly following on in constantly increasing effectiveness.

The moral support given by America to the Allies has not daunted the Germans so far as we are allowed to know. A deficiency in understanding prevents them from a full realization of what it means for today or for tomorrow. It is sneered at. To the Allies this moral support has been as strong wine to the spirit, and in its reaction it has done much to purge the souls of those who gave it of everything that dimmed the inner eye. At the first sign of material aid and comfort for the Allies from America in consequence of the extension of the league for peace consternation appears in the German camp. A loan of millions of cheap money, the launching of thousands of new ships to nullify the submarine attack, the increasing tide of supplies of all kinds that is already beginning to flow towards the Allied

peoples in Europe—these are things that the German mind grasps with intelligence and understanding. The brutal materialism of the Prussian spirit is at home in all such affairs and suffers no illusions as to what they mean to the German cause at a time when every resource is strained to the uttermost. The Hindenburg line has already been reached in the economic life of Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Turkey, and on this line a last stand is being made. When it was drawn upon the economic map of Europe it was regarded as proof against the resources of the Allies, but with America's resources added to the pressure against it, erstwhile confidence is rapidly disappearing.

In America events are moving rapidly, and perhaps in view of the object lessons afforded by the experiences of the nations of Europe, not to say those of a near neighbor, Canada, it may not take the American people quite as long as it would otherwise to devise the best way to arrive at a given point. The first few months of the war period will be a time of much confusion and lost motion. This is inevitable, for no nation learns from another so completely as not to make mistakes. The navy, the regular army, the financial powers, and the highly organized industries are already under way, and will carry on from the beginning to the end with marvelous method and efficiency, and it is to these agencies that the Allies look for that immediate aid which is most needed. They are already getting it, and behind this strong first line of attack the American nation will work out the other problems to be solved, that the full strength of the country can be thrown into the fray.

The raising of a great army will present many difficulties, as the English people well know from their own experience. For years Congress has

starved the War Department of the American Government until it is hardly more than a skeleton upon which to build the gigantic military structure now needed. Upon this Department is now thrown the enormous task of getting together several millions of men and forming them into an army. It will prove equal to the task if given the sympathetic understanding of the nation and the unqualified support of Congress, for within the regular forces of the United States, as they were to be found at the beginning of the war, is material of the finest quality with which to leaven a new army.

The question of the treatment of enemy aliens is also one that will have to be determined in the light of bitter experience, for in no country in the world does this question present such difficulties as in America. The people have still to realize that proclamations and admonitions, kindly or otherwise, will not check the activities of those who wish to hamper American activities in the war. It will take sterner methods than are as yet contemplated to maintain a reasonable degree of safety. The labor situation is extremely favorable, for all the organizations have come forward voluntarily and pledged their support to the Government, agreeing in the meanwhile to postpone all labor discussion until after the war. The Mexican menace cannot become serious, and the more German reservists who leave the United States to enlist with the Mexican forces the better for the United States. All that is necessary is to effectively guard the southern border and leave to the American navy the patrol of the east and west coasts. Assisted by the army of Colombia, American forces and defenses can be trusted to prevent any serious attack upon the Panama Canal. No expeditions into Mexico



from the United States are necessary unless it be decided to take over the oil-fields on the coast of the Gulf of Mexico. Mexico can best be left to stew in her own juice until the time comes later, as it may, when the United States will be compelled to undertake a job of sanitation such as was successfully carried out in Cuba and in the Philippines. At the end of the European war America will be in excellent shape to make short work of any threat from her southern neighbor. There will be an effort to make trouble between Japan and the United States, but in the very nature of the present and actively operative league for the peace of the world lies a guarantee against this. It is also a case where the selfish and the generous instincts of both peoples march together.

What the entrance of America into this war means to those Americans who have been fighting the battles of the Allies in the belief they were best serving the interests of their own people and of humanity no words can say. Thousands of Americans have been in the trenches in France from

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the beginning of the war; thousands more have served in helpful capacities behind the firing lines, and no small number have given their lives for the cause. Many thousands more in America and elsewhere, deprived for various reasons of the privilege of active service with the army, have given of their energies, their time and their income to a cause which they have taken to their hearts as it were their own. They have labored with such of their fellow Americans as had not yet been fully aroused to what was going on in the world to convince them that here was the thing that concerned them most from both a spiritual and a material point of view. It has been a propaganda, unpaid, and largely unorganized, but inspired beyond defeat. To those Americans who have fought in the trenches, and to those who have fought the German menace with less tangible but none the less valuable and effective weapons, the American declaration of war against Germany has come as a great victory justifying their belief and confidence in the spiritual and political future of the American nation.

*James Davenport Whelpley.*

## THE CELT, THE SAXON, AND THE NEW SCENE.

O'Connell was the first modern Celt. He adapted his native genius to the English system, which he influenced no less than his own country. O'Connell could hardly leave the English Parliament a sadder, but he left it a wiser, assembly than when he first entered it. He had no wish to recall a Celtic system from the vasty deep. On the contrary, he shed his Celtic speech and demanded back the Assembly of Eighteenth Century squires as the symbol of Irish nationality. He stirred the forces of all modern democracy and recreated, if he did not

debase, the standard of political speech. Modern speakers learned of him; for his style became the successful style, and the period gave way to the epithet as logic went to seed in bright phrases. As journalism succeeded the pamphlet so a mixture of wit and vilification supplanted ordered speech. The older generation could only shiver when O'Connell called Wellington a "stunted corporal" or Disraeli "the lineal descendant of the impenitent thief." But his comparison of Peel's smile to "the silver plate on a coffin" would have tickled Shakespeare. The

Twentieth Century found the Celt prominent and even predominant in the politics of Anglo-Saxon countries. The Irish became a problem as well as a power in Washington no less than Westminster. In America they performed the spadework of politics and earned their reward. Their influence was not as evil as commonly represented. Bryce admits that the Irish were blamed for what went wrong in the great American cities as the cat is commonly blamed in the kitchen. Clan feeling might not always allow the Constitution to stand in the way of personal friendship, but on the whole the American found that it saved trouble and did not destroy the State to relinquish politics to the Irish. The situation in England was more piquant where opposition caused a distinct Irish Party, and the more unbalanced element, so to speak, came to hold the balance.

Against the Celtic advance in modern politics stands the failure to win social equality in the British Isles. This is due to the ancient and misleading contempt of race for race, despite the brilliancies of accepted individuals. The Victorian Era was much pervaded by the spirit of what we may call the Great Teutonic Myth, now that "Teutonic" has taken the place of "Celtic" as the best abused word in the language. The Myth was once a working creed as stern as Islam. In a mind like Cromwell's it could become a superstition driving him to massacre the infidel Celt in the name of a Teutonic God. The cautious and colorless Gardiner admits that "Cromwell sought to thrust the responsibility for the slaughter upon God." Of his famous Irish manifesto, Gardiner adds that "as a contribution to Irish History nothing could be more ludicrously beside the mark than those burning words." Nevertheless it was Teuton Gospel of a kind. In its mythic

form the old sentiment was strangely kept alive by modern historians.

With ponderous ecstasy Carlyle, and with sentimental inaccuracy Kingsley, propagated the theme and prophesied ill of Gaul and Latin whenever they withstood or corrupted the godliness of the Teuton. Even the republican Motley let out in his Dutch history such a secretion of racial spleen as, "The German in his simplicity had raised himself to a purer belief than that of the superstitious Gaul . . . the purity of their religion was soon stained by their Celtic neighborhood." True religion and chosenness were predicated of one race, superstition and unfitness of another. In his *Roman and Teuton*, Kingsley piously claimed God as the Teuton General in the past, just as he hailed modern Teutonism in Garibaldi (bold warrior) struggling against the Papal *bête-noire* of the northern people.

The Celtic peoples, the French and the Irish, were pilloried together. English historians were never tired of ringing the changes on these. The more pro-Teuton a writer was, as a rule the more anti-Catholic and anti-Celtic was his pen. Carlyle, the deifier of Frederick the Great, cast corresponding scorn on Ireland. It is not necessary to quote his unholy shriek over the dead O'Connell. His visit to Ireland in the 'Forties brought only one bitter conclusion: "Remedy for Ireland? To cease generally from following the Devil." This of a country that had given up all to follow God! Froude, whose pretty pen made libretto to Carlyle's hoarse tones generally, added on his own account to the literary hate between the two countries by his *English in Ireland*. Herbert Paul, his biographer, explains without excusing the attitude he took —between him and the Celt there was a mysterious impassable barrier. They

had not the same fundamental ideas of right and wrong. They did not in very truth worship the same God. This, perhaps, probes the modern trouble to the root.

The War of 1870 was an interesting test. Englishmen who could sympathize with Ireland in spite of Fenianism could be fair to France in spite of Napoleon III. Those who hated Ireland in religion cheered Germany in politics. Carlyle saluted Germany as the "Queen of the Continent" to be; and we are not surprised to find Lecky, the Irish historian, remonstrating with Carlyle's comparison of France with Sathanas, and of her opponent with an Archangel. "My own view of it," wrote Lecky, "is not his, and I am a little sceptical about the resemblance between St. Michael and Count Bismarck!" Lecky, with Green, had been the fairest of historians to the Irish, and we naturally find Green disapproving of Freeman's desire to "cut up the whole Galwelsry (Celtic France) into bits as a standing menace to Duteland." As Green said to Freeman: "You hate France more than you love liberty." Freeman's Teutonism showed itself in his famous wish for America: "This would be a grand land if only every Irishman would kill a negro and be hanged for it." Neither Green nor Lecky justified the entry of France into the war; but, like Joan of Arc, they had pity on the *bel royaume de France*. But the old school of history had no pity on the Celt, and they forced English opinion against the French. The old school passed before the scrupulous pens of men like Acton and Bury, but their mantle was caught up and manipulated by a cosmic conjurer. Houston Chamberlain laid his *Foundation of the Nineteenth Century* to buttress a Teutonic world. All that was well-bred and warlike, inventive or mystical, in Northern

Europe, was attributed to the Teuton. The Celt was lightly dismissed as his "elder brother in the west," or shall we say the rough draft, the botched masterpiece, which fell from the hands of an evolutionist Creator before He succeeded in making the superior race—the Teuton!

There is no need to deny the great contribution of the Teutonic peoples to civilization. But it must not be forgotten how often and how fruitfully they crossed with the Celt. France, under her Latin polish, remained more Gallic than Frankish, as England under her Norman discipline stayed more Saxon than British. The nations proved to be different mixtures of constituent races. The more Celtic a West European country was, the less German it became. History is not solved by speaking of inferior and superior races, still less by alluding to some as backward and to others as advanced. It is meaningless to call the Anglo-Saxon superior to the Celt, with the easy deduction that the original German is superior to both. Nor is an Irishman merely an unprogressive Englishman, any more than the Germans are hitting a mark in calling Englishmen decadent (Celtized) Germans. At great and slow cost real and fruitful fusion has taken place between Celt and Saxon in Great Britain. Even in Ireland there has been as much fusion of blood as in Scotland, but fusion of sentiment and of political sympathy is peculiar to the latter. Three generations of English readers of Sir Walter Scott have sympathized with the Nationalist struggle of Scotland while detesting its bare memory in Ireland. Ireland needs the Scotch example on both sides of the Boyne.

A policy of respect and clear dealing satisfied the Scotch, and Sir Walter's warning was heeded: "If you unscotch us, you will find us mischievous

Englishmen." Unfortunately there was no Irish Scott to bring the Gaelic glensmen and the Anglo-Saxon palesmen together. No master hand came to reconcile and solder the twin traditions which fell among the propagandists. How disconcerting it would have been in modern Scotland had the picturesque Jacobite societies been organized on a Fenian model and the Clans, which the law recognizes for social and traditional purposes, been driven to emulate the American-Irish Clan na Gael! Nor would Scotch feeling have been improved, if nervous and embittered loyalists in the Lowlands had annually celebrated the battle of Culloden as a victory over their fellow-countrymen and played "See the Conquering Hero Comes" (which Handel actually composed for that melancholy occasion) in honor of the Butcher Cumberland as a Protestant deliverer. Common sense prevented Drummoissie Moor being made as bitter to the Highlanders as Boyne Water became to the Irish. After the Reformation, and especially after the Union, England learned to deal with Scotland as an equal; but Ireland, both before and after her Union, was graded as a subjugated inferior. With considerable insight Dr. Arnold described the Irish defeat at Athenree as a curse, and the Scotch victory at Bannockburn as a blessing: "Had the Irish remained independent they might afterwards have been united to us as Scotland was, and had Scotland been reduced to subjection it would have been another curse to us like Ireland." England's historical mistake towards Ireland has been one of wrong premise, false attitude, and blundering approach. As Lord Huntly said of the proposed match between Mary of Scots and Edward VI of England, "he liked the match, but liked not the manner of wooing." The result was that Lecky could

never write in his *Irish History* the golden words in which he described the Teuto-Celtic fusion in Scotland: "The distinctive beauty and great philosophic interest of that character spring from the very singular combination it displays of a romantic and chivalrous with a practical and industrious spirit. In no other nation do we find the enthusiasm for loyalty blending so happily with the enthusiasm for liberty."

Historical mistake sows the seed of political crime. A host of witnesses on either side testify with blood and ink that the fusion has been mismanaged in Ireland from the first: "To the mistaken policy pursued by England is due the fact that the King's Realm is no richer for Ireland," confesses Lord Dunraven. Yet Irish history contains a succession of men who have striven to undo the mistake, and have generally but effected their own undoing instead. Again and again a glimmering of wiser and juster counsel has been fogged by greater darkness than before. Henry VIII, curiously enough, was once anxious to reconcile native pride with his personal suzerainty by a course of studied and not despicable shifts or "amiable persuasions," as he called them. In bluff wise Henry Tudor wished to take over Nationalist Ireland. Celtic chiefs were to be made Earls instead of outlaws. The Defender of the Faith might have also become defender of the Faithful. The King's genial experiment stood in contrast to the coercion policy favored by his Deputy Surrey. Under Elizabeth Sir John Perrot effected a "Composition of Connaught" which could be called a fair compromise between Celt and Anglo-Norman. His hand was heavy, but it fell upon both nations with impartial severity, with the result that he was recalled and accused of anti-English policy. The Irish

followed him to the Tower with sincere grief.

In later times the type of enlightened official crossed the Irish scene from time to time. Fitzwilliam and Carnarvon in the Vice-Royalty, Thomas Drummond and George Wyndham in the Chief Secretaryship, were shining and unforgettable examples. There need have been no Rebellion in 1798 had Fitzwilliam remained in Dublin. Had Drummond lived a few years, the horrors of the Famine and the aftermath of revolt would have been averted. Later, Carnarvon was allowed to throw away his career like a political Falkland; and in our own memory George Wyndham piteously no less. A generous attention to Drummond's rejoinder to the Tipperary magistrates, that "property has its duties as well as its rights," might have saved Ireland from her Land War. Drummond was a vice-regal treasure as well as a popular model in conduct and foresight. He won native confidence by showing impartiality as among white men. He was equally willing to suppress the Orange rowdy and the Nationalist rebel. He disturbed Saxon sentiment by creating Celtic policemen. He made the Duke of Leinster and Daniel O'Connell meet each other. He died on the brink of perilous times, when Ireland needed him more than she did even O'Connell. His just spirit was recognized by a statue in Dublin and—mighty portent!—at his graveside stood the leader of the Irish people. The military forces have yielded a few grateful memories, but they have never been sustained. Sir Ralph Abercrombie's humanity in 1798, and his refusal to use a militia whom he described as a greater danger to their friends than their foes, found an echo in General Buller's conduct in Kerry. Even in the fierce 'eighties of the Nineteenth Century Mr. Healy could offer a tribute

in a letter to Labouchere: "Buller is Soudanizing Kerry *à la Gordon*, so that, with the stoppage of evictions there, moonlighting is coming to an end." It has always required such a little stretch of imagination or generosity to win the Irish, just as a touch of hardness or shortsightedness has often plunged the popular emotion into the opposite direction. No measure should be taken in Irish affairs without inquiring whether it disturbs or levels the delicate equipoise between Celt and Saxon. At the same time the balance should not be left forever to the disadvantage of the Celt.

The antagonism of the Celt and the Saxon passes beyond the dead hand of the antiquarian, and even out of the livelier grasp of the politician, when considered in its results to World-politics. The Irish driven out of Ireland have become something between a lever and a leaven in every single part of the Empire. Never in the majority, they are always the strongest amongst minorities. The casting vote and the balance of political power comes to them by chance or by right. This is even more so in the United States, where dwell a majority of the whole race, estimated between twenty and thirty millions. The United States were originally an extension of the Anglo-Saxon world. The English Colonials with strong Irish backing (chiefly from Ulster) laid down the Great Republic on lines which have since been strained, though not sapped, by the incoming hordes from East Europe and West Asia. The Anglo-Saxon, the Irish, and to a lesser extent the German, have proved the most ready to assimilate Americanism. But, to the hordes of Slavs and Syrians, America is little less than a golden caravanserai. Owing to them the tone of national consciousness has totally changed since the Civil War. The Amer-



ican "Melting Pot" has not yet yielded a corporate American nationality.

The Civil War was fought to its bitter end mainly by the three types, Anglo-Saxon, Irish, and German, whose survivors might have combined in time to come to produce an ideal American blending of the Celtic and Teutonic elements. But the Civil War cut very deep into the original stock. The Anglo-Saxon gentry of the South perished. No modern prosperity has made up for the loss of the old blood. The German and Irish have been reinforced by immigration in a way lacking to the Anglo-Saxon. He has fallen behind in a country which recognizes numbers, but not caste. In a book recently published in America, *The Passing of the Great Race*, Mr. Madison Grant says what is probably true enough: "If the Civil War had not occurred these same men, with their descendants, would have populated the Western States instead of the racial nondescripts who are now flocking there." It has been those Western States which largely decided American attitude toward the present conflict. A matter of national honor is not likely to appeal except to the Celtic and Teutonic stocks of America. Of these the most vivid of Celtic and Teutonic strains, the Irish and the German, outnumber their fellow, the Anglo-Saxon. As Froude sorrowfully recognized, seven years after the Civil War, "the Anglo-Saxon power is running to seed." The life of equal opportunity, unhampered by privilege, has shown that there is no race-superiority between Aryan peoples in America. Influences and riches go to the numerous and industrious. While the law, language, and legislature can be called Anglo-Saxon, the Celtic leaven and the huge Foreign communities have undermined any English instinct except in social circles. The Irish have become, at any rate,

as Americanized as the original colonists; and in another generation the Germans, who still retain their language, will follow suit. How far the original type is surviving is becoming doubtful. Perhaps Mr. Madison Grant concludes his volume a little pessimistically: "If the Melting Pot is allowed to boil without control, the type of native American of Colonial descent will become as extinct as the Athenian of the age of Pericles." Yet no Irish-American would wish to see the Anglo-Saxon as rare on the banks of the Hudson as the Redskin on the Mississippi. The Celt and the Saxon in America have recognized their kindred stock in the Aryan heritage. They have mixed in the professions and in every social circle, and in blood when religion would permit. It is in Ireland herself that the Irish have not received Aryan recognition.

The mistake of regarding the Irish as inferior at home has been extended into considering them negligible when scattered abroad. In spite of a generation of signs and warnings, England has never made any genuine political move or diplomatic advance towards the Irish-Americans, who are, in some ways, the deciding factor in an English-speaking world. Many Germans had left Germany with as bitter feelings as Irishmen had left Ireland, but Germany did not let the memory of 1848 fester among those who had cast the dust of the Fatherland off their shoes, as England let Irish memory of the same date encumber the Republic. Germany carried out a wise and secret policy, which made good her footing in the New World, until the reconciliation of Germany and her exiles was clinched by the triumphant visit of the Kaiser's brother. Friendly relations with the official world do not necessarily carry the cordiality of the political world as well. An Ambassador may hold his own in the Anglo-

Saxon section without ever reaching the enormous Celtic strata. The tragedy is that he may not think it worth while to try to reach them. Late in time, indeed, we have an Irishman at the British Embassy. Whatever has been done to avert the outbreak of cyclonic bitterness, and whatever can yet be done to ameliorate Anglo-American relations in their Irish phase, Sir Cecil Spring Rice has done and can do. Through such differently situated men as he and John Redmond alone can England secure the open friendship of America. If the relations of England and America are ever to be sealed they must be sealed with the approval of Irishmen on both sides. The carelessness with which the Irish-German *entente* has been encouraged in America during the past twenty years bears bitter fruit. Excellent as the mixture of Irish and German blood may prove in the racial future of America, an Irish-German combination for international purposes cannot be altogether acceptable to Washington. It could have been countermined from Dublin, had Westminster and Washington taken wise counsel together when Secretary Hay, realizing how matters stood in 1899, wrote of Americans who would oppose "any treaty with England, no matter how advantageous to us, as a hostile act towards Ireland and Germany." American officials are probably not less anxious than Imperial ones to see the settlement of a question which is always liable to affect their home politics without reference to the advantage of the country at large. This Irish influence runs stiller and deeper than any superficial examination would show. Few Governors of States, few elected Judges, or Representatives, or Senators, but have to feel and consider at some time the weight of the Irish vote, or at least the latent strength of Irish opinion. If they reckon the Irish

Press and the professional Irish politicians as negligible, they know that Irish opinion is not. It runs in the marrow of the United States. It is the ever-ready force that strengthens her arm when she wishes to oppose England, and that slows her hand whenever it is proffered in friendship. Washington has never countenanced any direct Irish attack on England; and men like John Boyle O'Reilly have always been ready to carry through a statesmanlike bargain between Celt and Saxon. Though O'Reilly suffered penal servitude, he adopted a wise attitude in the most brilliant of Irish-American papers. In 1885, he wrote in the *Pilot*: "One magnanimous statesman in England, one leader with the wisdom and courage of genius, would solidify the British Empire today with a master-stroke of politics. Such a policy would silence the dynamiters and radicals, satisfy and gratify the Irish people throughout the world, strengthen the British Empire and make America thoroughly sympathetic." It is sad that this is the very cry which lovers of Ireland and would-be admirers of England feel compelled to reiterate today.

It has been said that Irish Nationalism stands between Ireland and the light of the world. It also stands between England and the love of the world. Envoy after envoy has found his work at Washington checked and checkered. The history of British diplomacy in the United States has been one long struggle against Irish influences in the dark. Sackville-West, whose every move was watched and foiled by an intensely active Fenian Party, actually took refuge, during the time of the Phoenix Park executions, on the Presidential yacht; and indirectly he owed, in the end, his abrupt dismissal to the force of Irish opinion. An indiscreet letter

from his pen at election time gave the Irish Democrats a distinct breach of etiquette to work upon; and Cleveland handed Sackville-West his papers. It was an act of unprecedented rigor; but the Irish were strong enough to insist. The Parnellite Split, and the growing trust in Mr. Redmond, made matters easier for the British Embassy, though easy they can never be until Ireland is in charge of her own concerns.

Thus, for all practical purposes, and despite the better feeling engendered by the present occupants of the Embassy, the immemorial distrust felt by the Celt is once more to the fore in America, as it was during the Boer War. The intensified feeling of the Irish would not then permit President McKinley even to present a flag to the Anglo-American hospital ship *Maine*. The celebration of the Centenary of the Peace of Ghent and a hundred years' peace between England and America was largely discounted by Irish irritation over the situation in Ulster. A meeting in Carnegie Hall was broken up under German direction. Yet a settlement of the Irish Question would have cut the ground from under the feet of the extremists at any moment. The same levers were used which Davitt went over to America in 1897 to employ against the proposed Anglo-American Treaty. The Treaty was defeated in the Senate of the United States by Irish influences. It was a *riposte* to the Jubilee Coercion Act. In 1913, however anxious the friends of England might be to oblige her with an official expression of American friendship and possibly even alliance, Irish influences once more frustrated the endeavor on the ground that the Irish Question remained unsettled. The crisis in Anglo-American affairs came about with the war. England's weak spot in America was left uncovered. The Rising and the subsequent executions

were all that were necessary to inflame it. The old feud of Celt and Saxon flared for a lurid moment through the Press of a Continent. Then were heard the shots that were heard round the world. As Lord Acton wrote of the Phoenix Park murders, "the true moral of this catastrophe can never be made visible to the average Englishman." The bungled negotiations which followed did not assuage the bitterness. Then it became obvious why the cynical Bernstorff was the strongest anti-Home Ruler in the States, and why the generous wisdom of the British Ambassador shared the distress common to all Irishmen of good will.

Celt and Saxon had long been grappling with each other in the American arena. The prize was public opinion. In time of peace, English diplomatists could dally with the famous password that blood was thicker than water, but in the day of his supreme test the Anglo-Saxon needed American opinion and even American support behind him. The German was powerless to affect American opinion without the invaluable help of the Celt.

If the "Celt and the Saxon" was the oldest of feuds in British history it is also the last and latest. The Irish trouble has ceased to be merely a local sore or latent affliction. It has become a world-wide and pronounced irritation, which the past year has seen intensified in every limb of Empire. Gardiner once wrote of Anglo-Irish relations, that whereas "the English sovereigns had been confronted by a congeries of Irish tribes, the English Commonwealth was confronted by an Irish nation." Today the British Empire is met and queried by a great and international brotherhood of Irish blood within and without her borders, upon whose undiminishing devotion to Ireland the sun never sets. Let none set aside as an obscure domestic

quarrel the crisis that came simultaneously in the relations between England and Ireland as well as in the relations between America and England. Diplomats do not like to admit, and politicians for equally obvious reasons seek to conceal, the real heart of controversy between England and America. But the United States can no longer afford to be marooned, nor can England allow the

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vitality of the English-speaking body to be jeopardized by one of its members.

The United States can obviously look only for a friend whose world-politic would antagonize neither Canada nor Japan. There is only one European Power that can seal that alliance. And only the Celt-and-Saxon antagonism—a tradition and a habit rather than an actual incompatibility—blocks the way.

*Shane Leslie.*

## TWO'S TWO.

By J. STORER CLOUSTON.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.

#### THE HEEL-MARKS.

What happened within the room only one man and those few whom he subsequently entrusted with his sacred confidence have ever known.

For a moment two men knew. Crying "Hi! you improper fellow there!" Archibald charged straight at a dim pink figure lurking in the shadows. Simultaneously the figure sprang to meet him; he seized its naked arms—and inside of a second later Sir Wyverne Warrington-Browne alone occupied the room.

Any baronet who has ever found himself, late in the evening and attired only in his boots, in a lady's bedroom in a friend's country house, without either the knowledge of the lady or the invitation of his friend, will thoroughly sympathize with Sir Wyverne's predicament. And if to these embarrassing circumstances be added the facts that he had not the faintest intention of being there or made any preparations for leaving, that his clothes were all in another bedroom and that there was no time to go and get them, and that even the boots (which had been purchased by practically another gentleman) were dis-

tinctly tight, mere sympathy will seem almost inadequate.

Though no prude, Sir Wyverne had always been decent to the verge of modesty, and his first instinct (which did him great credit) was to leap to the door and lock it; and only then did he turn to the problem of sheltering himself against the rigors of an autumn evening. Unfortunately his very anxiety made him overshoot the mark, for when he stretched an agitated hand to turn up the gas, out went the flame instead. With frenzied vigor the unhappy baronet next stoked the fire, with the result that the covering of dross collapsed and almost put it out. And at that moment the cries and knockings on the door began.

In almost total darkness, Sir Wyverne groped along the floor till he found the cast-off garments of the vanished Archibald, and desperately thrust one leg into the arm of the under-vest. By the time he extracted it again little seemed to remain but buttons. Another powerful leg-drive dislocated the trousers of the slender youth, and giving up this solution in despair, the baronet opened Lady Ellvin's drawers in succession and gradually covered himself with something—though what precisely the in-

redients were he dared not even guess.

Then, with several novel sensations as he moved, he sought for the waterproof which had been Samuel's only shelter when he left Captain Swinby's bedroom. What he succeeded in finding was certainly not a waterproof, but time seemed too precious to waste in finishing touches. He gently opened the window, discovered a tolerably practicable pipe within reach, and after shinning down for a few yards, dropped into a flower-bed, scathed though not seriously.

He always maintained afterwards that only a professional criminal of the widest experience could reasonably have been expected to devise a better program on the spur of the moment than he did. To leave as few incriminating footprints as possible—that was his sole thought in the palpitating minutes that elapsed between his descent from the window and the raising of the hue and cry. This end he endeavored to achieve by a series of prodigious leaps. It is true that each time he descended the heels of Samuel's boots were driven inches deep into the turf, while Lady Ellvin's under-garments yielded several times to the strain; still, the method ensured a succession of gaps in his spoor which unquestionably puzzled the local constabulary next morning. And thus progressing, he headed for the garden wall; his verdict on the late Samuel's intelligence becoming more emphatic with every bound.

In the meanwhile the chain of events, as subsequently pieced together by Lord Mountappleton, was developing rapidly.

"Listen! I'm certain I heard the window being opened!" exclaimed his lordship.

His fellow-knockers ceased rapping and listened breathlessly.

"There's a draught blowin' through

the key'ole, my lord!" cried an exceptionally intelligent young footman, blinking his eye; "the window must be open!"

Instantly the order was given to secure lights and search the gardens and park. The gentlemen ran to their rooms to get into their boots, and it was then that Captain Swinby made the next discovery. On the floor in one corner he discovered nothing less extraordinary than a man's complete outfit—suit of tweeds, shirt, undergarments; everything, in fact, except his boots.

This was admitted by all to account very naturally for the nakedness of the mysterious intruder; and in fact it was considered so encouraging a clue that even the elderly Marquis dashed into the shrubbery like a schoolboy, while the intelligent young footman had seen three glimpses of masked figures gliding among the trees in as many minutes.

The only one of the party who seemed a little lacking in dash was, curiously enough, the ex-hussar. His proceedings were cautious, and in some respects peculiar. Waiting till the tide had flowed out into the grounds, he accosted a thrilled housemaid, borrowed from her a stout hairpin, and quietly returned to Lady Ellvin's bedroom door, where in a few minutes his skilful fingers had turned the key from the outside.

Thereupon he entered and carefully examined that chamber of mystery; and the double discovery that Archibald was not there, but that his clothes were, disquieted the Captain exceedingly.

"He has hooked it after all!" he muttered. "But what the devil——?"

He shook his head for a few moments over the problem of the clothes, and then hurried back to his own room and immediately packed his suit-case. With that in one hand and an electric



torch in the other, he slipped unostentatiously out into the garden and began by examining the ground under Lady Ellvin's window. He next swept his torch over the grass, and was quickly rewarded by the discovery of two deep heel-marks. Following the direction in which the toes were pointing, he soon discovered another pair of indentations, and presently a third.

"It looks like a dashed kangaroo!" he murmured.

Guided by the heel-marks, and crying every now and then in a guarded voice, "Archie, old chap!" the Captain found himself at last confronted by an immensely large cypress with an ivy-covered wall behind it. He had evidently reached the limits of the garden, and for a minute he hesitated.

"Archie, old chap!" he cried once more, though with a diminishing hope of getting an answer.

"Swinby!" replied a voice which, though vaguely familiar, was certainly not Archibald's.

It seemed to come from above him and from behind the cypress. Stepping round the tree and flashing his torch upwards he perceived, upon its hands and knees on the top of the wall, a crouching figure in a very tastefully frilled dressing gown of a rich crimson hue.

"I say, Swinby!" said the figure.

Captain Swinby started so violently that he nearly dropped his torch.

"Warrington-Browne!" he gasped.

"Hush!" whispered the baronet. "Don't talk so loud! I say, Swinby, I'm in rather an awkward predicament."

"You—er—do rather look like it," admitted Swinby.

"And so are you," added the baronet.

"Well," said the Captain cautiously, "I don't know that I'm exactly in clover—but anyhow I'm not in Lady Ellvin's dressing-gown."

"Look here, old fellow," said Sir Wyverne in his most insinuating voice,

"the best thing is for us to bolt together!"

It took the ex-hussar barely a couple of seconds to weigh this proposal. The deliverance of a wealthy baronet from a situation so delicate that no return the baronet could ever make would really be adequate, under circumstances that must forever be kept a secret, seemed to him one of those rare propositions which have no disadvantages whatever.

"Right you are, old chap," said he; "how shall we manage it?"

"Can you drive a car?" asked the baronet eagerly.

"I'm not a fancy driver," admitted Swinby, "but I can start that thing of Fitz-Wyverne's, and I think I can stop it again."

"Well, then, get it out of the garage, and bring it round to the other side of this wall. There's a drive of sorts over here. But be sure you stop at the right place!"

"But, I say," exclaimed Swinby, "won't Archie have taken it off with him?"

"Archie be damned!" replied the baronet, a little impatiently it seemed. "I *know* he hasn't taken it! Off you get as quick as you can—and, by the way, get hold of a motor-coat for me, a good warm one!"

"But—er—whose?"

"Oh, any one you can see—Mount-appleton's for choice; it's fur-lined. But do hurry up, Swinby. It's a bit chilly up here."

"Warrington-Browne in a stolen dressing-gown, going off in a stolen fur coat, and a stolen motor car!" said Swinby to himself as he hurried cautiously through the garden. "He takes after his cousin Archie more than I imagined. Only, thank God, old Warrington-Browne's not the man to lose his cheekbook! I say, what a bit of luck for me if I bring this off!"

It was about a quarter of an hour

later that Lord Mountappleton, just returned from a somewhat exhausting hunt through the park, was startled by another disquieting piece of news. Captain Swinby, it seemed, had appeared at the garage, insisted on taking out the car in which he and Mr. Fitz-Wyverne had arrived, and driven off with it into the night. As he had taken with him not only his suit-case but a fur-lined motor-coat which the chauffeur thought at the time he recognized and subsequently discovered to be actually his lordship's, the affair seemed to require investigation.

"That's three men who have bolted from this house tonight!" exclaimed the astounded Marquis.

He had hardly spoken before the intelligent footman appeared with yet another remarkable item. He, it appeared, had paused at the garage to exchange views with the chauffeur and had seen the departure of Captain Swinby, but being a very zealous youth, he had not left it at that. He averred that he started to follow the car, and after running but a few paces, he noticed that instead of going down the main avenue, it turned off the drive that passed under the wall of the gardens. Thereupon he had set out to chase it in earnest, and in the course of another hundred yards had come upon it standing beneath the wall.

"And the Capt'ing was 'elping a man down from the wall, my lord—a man in a long red coat! So off I runs, my lord, to tell your lordship!"

"That's four men bolted!" cried his lordship. "By Gad, but if they're up that drive we may catch them yet! Take two or three men with you, Williams, and after them in the fastest car we've got!"

The chauffeur and the zealous footman vanished at a run, and his lordship fell back in his chair.

"See that as few other people disappear from this house as possible," he

commanded; "I shall soon get positively weary of counting them."

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### ACROSS COUNTRY.

"There's a car coming after us!" exclaimed Swinby.

"Are you sure?" asked the baronet, swinging the Rolls-Royce straight for the lodge gates.

Swinby leaned outwards and looked back.

"Quite—and they're driving like the mischief!" he said.

"Confound it!" murmured the baronet.

"Suppose the gates are shut!" exclaimed Swinby.

"Dash!" muttered the baronet.

"By Gad, they're open!"

"Thank Heaven!" cried the baronet.

They shot through the gates and turned to the left.

"Do you know the road?" asked Swinby.

"I must trust mostly to luck," said Sir Wyverne; "but if our petrol holds out, I ought to find my way in the course of the night."

"Where are you heading for?"

"Home, by George!" said Sir Wyverne fervently; "if you were wearing Lady Ellvin's combinations you wouldn't need to ask!"

Captain Swinby smiled. He had always heard that Sutherbury Park was a highly desirable residence.

For a time they raced through the night in silence, the lights of the other car sometimes falling back, sometimes drawing nearer.

"We've got the legs of him," said Sir Wyverne, "but I wish we could shake him off altogether. Things might be difficult to explain if——"

He fell into meditation without finishing his sentence.

"Things are difficult to explain," remarked his fellow-fugitive; "that's to say, a little difficult—in places."

"Swinby," said the baronet earnestly, "you have done me a very great service, and you can rest assured you won't suffer by it. If you want to increase my obligations——"

"Rather, old chap, I do!" the Captain hastened to assure him.

"Well, then, there are one or two facts I wish you would——er——"

"Sink," suggested Swinby; "I know what you mean."

"Exactly," said Sir Wyverne. "For instance——"

"The dressing gown," suggested Swinby helpfully.

"Yes, and——"

"The top of the wall."

"Precisely; also——"

"Mountappleton's fur coat."

"Quite so; in fact one may even add——"

"Your being here at all!" exclaimed Swinby. "It isn't you, it's Archie driving this car! If you nip into the house the instant we arrive, I'll face the music and explain."

"You're a very good fellow—and most resourceful," said the baronet gratefully.

"To tell you the truth," confessed Swinby, "I've really acquired my resourcefulness from your cousin Archie. He has a perfect genius for crime! You don't mind my saying so of a relation, do you?"

"Er—no," said the baronet, "n-not at all."

The report brought back to the Marquis of Mountappleton by his retainers seemed to his lordship to be on the whole thoroughly unsatisfactory. It appeared that by prodigious exertions they managed to keep the Rolls-Royce in view while it described a series of parabolas through the surrounding country. Finally, it seemed to make up its mind which way it wanted to go, and a stiff chase of fifty miles or so in a northwesterly

direction brought them about 3 A.M. into the silent streets of the town of Sutherbury.

There they lost their quarry for a few minutes, but on making a cast round the outskirts of the borough, picked it up again just as it had passed through the gates of Sutherbury Park. The gates having been closed behind it, there was another brief delay, and then up the avenue they tore, to find the runaways actually standing before Sir Wyverne's door. At least, the car and Captain Swinby were standing there, and the Captain, seeing he had to deal only with menials, gave them a very brief and somewhat high-handed account of the escapade.

His companion, he said, had only been Mr. Fitz-Wyverne, who had developed a sharp attack of neuralgia, and feeling himself no longer fit company for strangers, had hastened to rest his aching head in his cousin's house. As for the naked man and the person in red on the top of the wall, these were merely figments of Lady Ellvin's and the footman's fancies, and what the devil were they making such a fuss about, said the Captain.

The retainers stated that they would certainly never have been content to accept this version, especially as it made no reference to the purloined fur coat, had not Sir Wyverne himself appeared at the door with the coat over his arm, and assured them that Captain Swinby's statements were correct. He returned the coat with many apologies for his cousin's action in borrowing it (which he would never have done but for his neuralgia), and bade them a courteous good-night, whereupon there seemed nothing for it but going home again.

"Warrington-Browne squared the brutes, I'm certain!" his lordship declared emphatically to his sister. "Never again does that man, or any of his infernal friends, enter this house!

And what's more, I'll write him a devilish sharp note, and tell him so!"

Lady Ellvin believed in people carrying out their good resolutions.

In the morning she reminded her brother of his as soon as she met him.

Blackwood's Magazine.

"You haven't forgotten to write to Sir Wyverne—very strongly—I hope?" said she.

Lord Mountappleton smiled grimly.

"I have done something considerably more effective," he replied significantly.

(To be concluded.)

## THE SOUL OF ENGLAND.

If England was what England seems  
An' not the England of our dreams,  
But only putty, brass, an' paint,  
'Ow quick we'd drop her! *But she ain't!*

These lines are to be found in Rudyard Kipling's poem "The Return" written to celebrate the homecoming of the troops—all arms—after the South African War. In the expressive Cockney dialect in which Kipling delights, the London soldier speaks of the change the war has wrought in him—a change he sums up as being "the makin's of a blooming soul." And the South African War was, as our soldiers have often said, a "picnic" beside the present Titanic struggle. What changes are taking place in the hearts and souls of the men who month after month—aye, and year after year—have faced shot and shell and death in its most hideous form and cold and wet and mud and snow and horrors past description? It is a strange and wonderful problem—a problem that has intense reality and significance; for it is in the hands of these men when they return that the destiny of England will lie. One thing we can be assured of: there probably is not one of these men who after a few months in the trenches cannot re-echo with even deeper sincerity the significant conclusion of Kipling's South African soldier:

I started as a average kid,

I finished as a thinkin' man.

Thoughts are waking to life in our men's minds that were probably there

deep down before this great crisis stirred the still waters, half unconscious, wholly inarticulate; for the Englishman is not given to self-expression, especially where his deeper emotions are concerned; his is a reticence so complete that more superficial races stand amazed. The war correspondents, official and unofficial, have drawn for us endless surface pictures of our English soldiers, of their marvelous cheerfulness under the most trying conditions, of their equal readiness for sport or battle, of their never-failing kind-heartedness, of their pluck and patience under such a strain of toil and suffering as would seem beyond the limit of human power to endure. But the picture, lifelike as it is, is yet drawn from the outside; of the inner depths of the soldier's nature it suggests little or nothing. It is only those who have served side by side with Tommy Atkins, who have watched him daily in war and work and play with observant, sympathetic eyes, who can speak of the man as he really is. An American, Mr. James Norman Hall,\* who took the King's shilling at the beginning of the war and trained and served with Kitchener's Army for some time at the Front, has drawn a picture of his English comrades that will surely endure. He has had a nature keen enough and sympathetic enough to pierce to those emotions which the Englishman in his shyness and reti-

\**Kitchener's Mob*, by James Norman Hall (Constable).

cence keeps so carefully concealed under an air of indifference and of surface gaiety.

This is what Mr. Hall writes:

The better I knew Tommy, the better I liked him. He hasn't a shred of sentimentality in his make-up. There is plenty of sentiment, sincere feeling, but it is admirably concealed. I had been a soldier of the King for many months before I realized that the men with whom I was living, sharing rations and hardships, were anything other than the healthy animals they looked. They relished their food and talked about it. They grumbled at the restraints military discipline imposed on them, and at the paltry shilling a day they received for the first really hard work they had ever done. They appeared to regard England as a miserly employer, exacting their last ounce of energy for a wretchedly inadequate wage. To the casual observer theirs was not the ardor of loyal sons fighting for a beloved Motherland. Rather it seemed that of irresponsible schoolboys on a long holiday. They said nothing about patriotism or the duty of Englishmen in war-time. And if I attempted to start a conversation along that line, they walked right over me with their boots on. This was a great disappointment at first. I should never have known from anything that was said that a man of them was stirred at the thought of fighting for Old England.\* . . . Months before I should have been astonished at this reticence. But I had learned to understand Tommy. His silences were as eloquent as any splendid outbursts or glowing tributes could have been. Indeed, they were far more eloquent. Englishmen seem to have an instinctive

understanding of the futility, the emptiness of words in the face of unspeakable experiences. It was a matter of constant wonder to me that men living in the daily and hourly presence of death could so surely control and conceal their feelings. Their talk was of anything but home, and yet I knew they thought of but little else.

Seldom, indeed, has that intense reticence been broken; yet, fortunately for us at home, it has sometimes; and the soul of the English soldier—surely the very soul of England herself—has been revealed. Sometimes the unveiling has come in one of those sacred letters, the last treasured consolation in many bereaved homes, written to be sent only if the dark frontier were crossed, so that the soldier might say in death what he could never say in life. More often those deep, unutterable thoughts and feelings, never spoken by Englishmen in ordinary talk between man and man, have found expression in the wonderful poetry of the trenches. It has been said that on the banks of the ugliest ditches often blow the tenderest and most delicate flowers; the horrors of trench warfare seem to have stirred to widespread life among our English fighters that great gift of song which has been the peculiar and unique glory of the English people from the days of Caedmon and Chaucer. That strong tie to home and country which Norman Hall found to exist below the wordlessness of the English soldier has found expression in wonderful and varied form in these poems which are inspired with an intensity of patriotic devotion and tenderness that can hardly be measured.

Before the war men had talked as if the love of England was dying out, as if our island home—"that precious jewel set in the silver sea"—which Shakespeare loved, had ceased to

\*The story of numbers of those silent, unconscious heroes who went to their death for England at once willingly and reluctantly has been written in four lines with a pathos that wounds by Bernard Gilbert, the Lincolnshire dialect poet:

He didn't want to go,  
Not when the war began,  
But all at once he went,  
Tho' he said he hadn't meant.



hold the hearts of her sons, who had wandered away from her into the barren deserts of cosmopolitanism and internationalism. No word of that sort is heard now. For the love of England has indeed shown itself deep and strong, if unexpressed; it only needed the spark of danger and sacrifice to flare at once into unquenchable flame. England called to her children to give all that man or woman can offer; and from the uttermost parts of the earth they answered to her call.

O England of our Fathers and England  
of our Sons,

Above the roar of battling hosts, the  
thunder of the guns,

A Mother's voice was calling us, we  
heard it oversea,

The Blood which Thou didst give us  
is the blood we spill for Thee.

So has written a Canadian soldier\*;  
and echo answers back from distant  
Australia:

Oh, England, I heard the cry

Of those who died for thee

Sounding like an organ voice

Across the wintry sea.

They lived and died for England,

And gladly went their way—

England, oh, England,

How could I stay?†

And in England herself great, even terrible, was the awakening. On that fourth day in August when war was declared, how many men and women realized for the first time in their quiet, sheltered lives, and realized with amazement, what England meant to them—something more than life and love, something sublime, immeasurable! Rupert Brooke in one of his essays has written of the thoughts that passed through one man's mind—his own, no doubt, but typical enough all the same.

\**In the Battle Silences*, by Frederick George Scott, 1st Canadian Div., B. E. F. (Constable).

†James Drummond Burns, of Melbourne, killed at Gallipoli, aged twenty.

As he thought "England and Germany," the word "England" seemed to flash like a line of foam. With a sudden tightening of his heart he realized that there might be a raid on the English coast. He didn't imagine any possibility of it succeeding, but only of enemies and warfare on English soil. The idea sickened him. He was immensely surprised to perceive that the actual earth of England held for him a quality . . . a quality which, if he'd been sentimental enough to use the word, he'd have called "holiness." His astonishment grew as the full flood of "England" swept him on from thought to thought. He felt the triumphant helplessness of a lover.

That same discovery has been made by thousands and tens of thousands, of whom too many, alas, lie in nameless graves in France and Flanders and Gallipoli, under the stormy waves of the North Sea, and in the desert sands of Africa and Mesopotamia. But from those obscure resting-places all send back the same message:

Tell England we lie here content.

They had found out that the more they gave, the more sacred to them became the country they loved; she became theirs in a sense never realized before.

Yet I have fought and bled for you,

And, by that selfsame sign,

Still must I love you, yearn to you,

England—how truly mine!

The treasure they had held so lightly had now become precious beyond all price; indeed, the thought that the war was to some extent sent to exorcise that materialistic spirit which had made this great possession seem of little value is an idea that is often suggested by the soldier-poet. Very finely is it expressed by Lieut. Geoffrey Howard:

God gave us England from of old,  
But we held light the gift he gave;

Our royal birthright we have sold,  
 And now the land we lost for gold  
 Only our blood can save. . . .  
*Malvern men must die and kill  
 That wind may blow on Malvern Hill;  
 Devonshire blood must fall like dew  
 That Devon's bays may yet be blue;  
 London must spill out lives like wine  
 That London's lights may shine.\**

A similar thought can be traced in Lance-Corporal Harvey's poem found in the little volume he has published, dedicated "To all Comrades of mine who lie dead in foreign fields for love of England or who live to prosecute the war for another England":

If we return, will England be  
 Just England still to you and me?  
 The place where we must earn our  
 bread?

We who have walked among the dead.  
 And watched the smile of agony,  
 And seen the price of Liberty,  
 Which we have taken carelessly  
 From other hands. Nay, we shall  
 dread,

If we return,  
 Dread lest we hold blood-guiltily  
 The thing that men have died to  
 free.

Oh, English fields shall blossom red  
 In all the blood that has been shed,  
 By men whose guardians are we,  
 If we return.†

Mr. Norman Hall has said that while the men never talked of home, he knew they thought of little else. What is a characteristic common to all the soldier-poets whose work I have studied, however varied their forms of expression and their metrical skill, is the intensity of their devotion to home as symbolized not only in their own country or village, but often still more deeply in some local landmark—a range of hills, a lofty spire, or some ancient building; and together with this is the closeness and delicacy of

their observation of all those little things in nature that make England what she is, giving her an individuality, a unique character different from that of every other country. Each of these soldier-poets can say with Lance-Corporal Harvey:

Within my heart I safely keep,  
 England, what things are yours:  
 Your clouds, and cloud-like flocks of  
 sheep

That drift o'er windy moors.

It is of such things as these they are thinking all the time. The horrors of war—the destruction and desolation of fair stretches of country—have opened their eyes as never before to the peace and natural beauty of England, still safe from the invader. An interesting little detail is recorded by Norman Hall, that the soldiers coming straight from England felt a peculiar horror and indignation at the twisted, shell-shattered poplars and willows of "No Man's Land," giving them the name of "Kaiser Bill's flowers." The same feeling has inspired more than one of these soldier-poems. Lance-Corporal Michael writes on the spring beauty of Stratford-on-Avon:

Orchard land! Orchard land!  
 Damson blossom, primrose bloom:  
 Avon, like a silver band,  
 Winds from Stratford down to  
 Broome:

All the orchards shimmer white  
 For an April day's delight:  
 We have risen in our might,  
 Left this land we love, to fight,  
 Fighting still that these may stand,  
 Orchard land! Orchard land!\*

The same idea is even more forcibly expressed in Lance-Corporal Harvey's little poem, entitled "Defiance":

I saw the orchards whitening  
 To Easter in late Lent.  
 Now struck of hell's own lightning  
 With branches broken and bent  
 Behold the tall trees rent:—

\*Soldier Poets.

\*Soldier Poets (Erskine Macdonald).

†A Gloucestershire Lad, by F. W. Harvey (Sidgwick and Jackson).

Beaten with iron rain!  
And ever in my brain  
To every shell that's sent  
Sounds back this small refrain:—  
"You foolish shells, come kill me,  
Blacken my limbs with flame:  
I saw the English orchards  
(And so may die content)  
All white before I came!"

"X" is not, strictly speaking, a soldier-poet, but in his stirring *War Poems* he seems in many ways to come very near the heart of the trenches; and he has surely expressed the truth for many and many a soldier as he has stood waiting in tense silence for the order to "go over the parapet" in his lines:

I know that all our England shone  
before you  
When you went down. It made a  
radiance  
Even of the front of death.

Though, perhaps, it is not so much "all England" as that little corner of England which is home. "Home—what a perfect place," wrote Lieut. E. Wyndham Tennant, one of the many who have given their lives to keep it perfect, in his beautiful little poem "Home Thoughts in Laventie," written amid the trampled mud and desolation of a shell-shattered village:

I saw green banks of daffodil,  
Slim poplars in the breeze,  
Great tan-brown hares in gusty March  
A-courting on the leas;  
And meadows with their glittering  
streams and silver scurrying dace,  
Home—what a perfect place.\*

And it is home in the same way—a dearly loved corner of England—which fills the mind of the soldier who wrote;

I can't forget the lane that goes from  
Steyning to the Ring  
In summer time and on the Downs  
how larks and linnets sing

\**Worple Flit*, by E. Wyndham Tennant (Blackwell).

High in the sun. The wind comes off  
the sea, and oh, the air!  
I never knew till now that life in old  
days was so fair.  
But now I know it in this filthy, rat-  
infested ditch,  
When every shell must kill or spare,  
and God alone knows which,  
And I am made a beast of prey, and  
this trench is my lair—  
My God! I never knew till now that  
those days were so fair.  
And we assault in half an hour and—  
it's a silly thing,  
I can't forget the lane that goes from  
Steyning to the Ring.\*

And a soldier fighting for England in distant German East Africa is stirred by the same thoughts; and to him in the burning tropical heat and the dreariness of the desert comes the picture of one little West-Country corner of the land whose love has inspired him:

Marching on Tanga, marching the  
parched plain  
Of wavering spear-grass past Pangani  
river,  
England came to me—me who had  
always ta'en,  
But never given before—England, the  
giver,  
In a vision of three poplar trees that  
shiver  
On still evenings of summer, after rain,  
By Slapton Ley, where reed-beds  
start and quiver  
When scarce a ripple moves the up-  
land grain.†

Face to face with death—face to face with horrors worse than death—to many of these soldier-poets has been given a wonderful revelation of the joy and beauty of life. In much of the lyric poetry written before the war it is impossible not to recognize a very definitely minor note. Even when the poet was celebrating the beauties of nature he too often seemed oppressed

\*Philip Johnson. Published in the *Daily News*.

†Published in the *Times*.

with anticipations of approaching decay, while many were the introspective and psychological poems devoted to the gloomy problems of the decadent soul. Life was hardly worth living, yet death was hardly worth dying; the world had, indeed, "grown old and cold and weary"; when suddenly the great call came and the world and life and death to all who answered it were transformed and glorified.

"We have come into our heritage" is the word alike of Rupert Brooke and of Julian Grenfell. Was there ever a poem at once more full of the strong wine of life and youth and of carelessness of death than Julian Grenfell's "Into Battle"?\*—from which we have only space to quote two verses:

The naked earth is warm with Spring,  
And with green grass and bursting  
trees  
Leans to the sun's gaze glorying,  
And quivers in the sunny breeze;  
And Life is Color and Warmth and  
Light,  
And a striving evermore for these;  
And he is dead who will not fight;  
And who dies fighting has increase.

The fighting man shall from the sun  
Take warmth, and life from the  
glowing earth;  
Speed with the light-foot winds to run,  
And with the trees to newer birth;  
And find, when fighting shall be done,  
Great rest, and fullness after dearth.

The same thought that it is the fighting man who has found complete security is the idea which breathes in Rupert Brooke's sonnet "Safety," one of the five great sonnets grouped as "1914."† "War knows no power" over such men is the keynote.

We have found safety with all things  
undying,  
The winds, and morning, tears of  
men and mirth,

\**Soldier Poets.*

†*1914 and Other Poems*, by Rupert Brooke (Sidgwick and Jackson).

The deep night, and birds singing, and  
clouds flying,  
And sleep, and freedom, and the  
autumnal earth.

But there is one question to which the soldier-poets do not give us any definite answer: What do our fighting men—the men who do the work, who suffer and die—think of the tragedy and mystery of war? To them, as to us, so far as the soldier-poets have spoken for them, it remains at once a horror and a bewildering mystery. Not, indeed, all horror. Those who are nearest to the horror and who see it most plainly are not like our Pacifists at home; they can see that even in this most awful of wars there is something brought out by the struggle besides ugliness and squalor and suffering and death. In his poem "Back to Rest," written on the way back from the fighting at Loos, "Edward Melbourne" (Lieut. W. N. Hodgson, M.C.)\* has expressed this well:

We that have seen the strongest  
Cry like a beaten child,  
The sanest eyes unholy,  
The cleanest hands defiled;  
We that have known the heart blood  
Less than the lees of wine,  
We that have seen men broken,  
We know man is divine.

But the mystery remains—the mystery of that strange law which seems to run through all human history—that, horrible as is war, the nations that will not fight for their existence and to guard their own land shall inevitably be destroyed and desolated by more virile races. With tragic force that question has been asked and left unanswered by one soldier-poet who has now passed to the Great Beyond. Has he learned the answer now? The poem was found on his dead body, and was evidently written

\**Verse and Prose in Peace and War*, by William Noel Hodgson (Smith, Elder, and Co.). Killed in the Battle of the Somme, July 1, 1916.

but a day or so before his death in the  
Somme fighting in October.

Who made the Law that men should  
die in meadows,  
Who spake the Word that blood should  
splash in lanes,  
Who gave it forth that gardens should  
be bone-yards,  
Who spread the hills with flesh and  
blood and brains?

*Who made the Law?*

Who made the Law that Death should  
stalk the valleys,  
Who spake the Word to kill among the  
sheaves,  
Who gave it forth that Death should  
lurk in hedgerows,  
Who flung the dead among the fallen  
leaves?

*Who made the Law?*

Those who return shall find that Peace  
endures,  
Find old things old, and know the  
things they knew,  
Walk in the garden, slumber by the  
fireside,  
Share the peace of dawn, and dream  
amid the dew—

*Those who return.*

Those who return shall till the ancient  
pastures,  
Clean-hearted men shall guide the  
plough-horse reins,  
Some shall grow apples and flowers in  
the village,  
Some shall go courting in summer down  
the lanes—

*Those who return.*

But Who made the Law? The trees  
shall whisper to him:

"See, see, the blood—the splashes on  
our bark!"

Walking the meadows He shall hear  
bones crackle,  
And fleshless mouths shall gibber in  
silent lanes at dark.

*Who made the Law?*

Who made the Law? At noon upon  
the hillside

His ears shall hear a moan, His cheek  
shall feel a breath,

And all along the valleys, past garden  
crofts, and homesteads,

He who made the Law,

He who made the Law,

He who made the Law shall walk alone  
with Death—

*WHO made the Law?\**

What answer can be given? Geoffrey  
Howard, in the poem part of which  
has been quoted earlier, has perhaps  
come nearest the truth of the mystery:

We have given all things that were ours,  
So that our weeds might yet be flowers;  
We have covered half the earth with  
gore

That our houses might be homes once  
more;

The sword Thou hast demanded, Lord:  
And, now behold the sword!

And Leslie Coulson himself has given  
much the same answer in another of  
his poems:

Mayhap I shall not walk again

Down Dorset way, down Devon way,  
Nor pick a posy in a lane

Down Somerset and Sussex way.  
But though my bones, unshriven, rot

In some far distant alien spot,  
What soul I have shall rest from care

To know that meadows still are fair  
Down Dorset way, down Devon way.

And if to keep those meadows safe  
and fair a life was required, Leslie  
Coulson was perfectly willing to pay  
the price—nay, more, as he has  
written, he was

very proud and glad

To do this thing for England's sake.

Is there some mysterious law of  
compensation that works from age to  
age which will make up for all this  
loss of young, brilliant, and heroic  
life? To save England and to make a  
newer, better England, all is worth

*\*From an Outpost, by Sergeant Leslie Coulson (Erskine Macdonald).*



while. One man who has been through the fire is clear enough about that, and has sent back a message of triumph.

Thank God (he writes) I am of this race, and share the glorious heritage which belongs to every man, woman, and child of this England of ours. . . . I am by nature undemonstrative, reticent, unimpassioned. But the things I have seen, the men I have known—some of whom will never come back—have stirred me to a degree which I never imagined to be possible. And to save a country, to preserve a people which can breed such men, is worth any sacrifice.\*

And his word of cheer is echoed back by a soldier-poet:

Mourn not for me too sadly; I have  
been,  
For months of an exalted life, a King;  
Peer for these months of those whose  
graves grow green  
Where'er the borders of our empire fling  
Their mighty arms. And if the crown is  
death,  
Death while I'm fighting for my home  
and king,  
Thank God the son who drew from you  
his breath  
To death could bring  
A not entirely worthless sacrifice,  
Because of those brief months when  
life meant more  
Than selfish pleasures. Grudge not  
then the price,  
But say, "Our country in the storm of  
war  
Has found him fit to fight and die for  
her."  
And lift your heads in pride for ever-  
more.†

\**The Clarion*, March 9, 1917.

†*Sunrise Dreams*, by Eric F. Wilkinson.  
M. C. (Erskine Macdonald).

The National Review.

And perhaps, after all, the love of country is no greater and no more unfathomable mystery than the tragedy of war; indeed the beauty of the one and the horror of the other seem inseparably interwoven. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man should give his life . . ." Is it the reverse of that law that unless he be willing to give his life he shall never know the heights and depths of love? Only by sacrifice is the soul awakened. The war has awakened England's soul; and who could tell better what the England is that her sons are fighting and dying for than one of them, Geoffrey Howard:

Her seed is sown about the world. The  
seas  
For Her have path'd their waters. She  
is known  
In swamps that steam about the  
burning zone,  
And dreaded in the last white lands  
that freeze.  
For Her the glory that was Nineveh's  
Is naught: the pomp of Tyre and  
Babylon  
Naught: and for all the realms that  
Cæsar won—  
One tithe of hers were more than all of  
these.  
And she is very small and very green  
And full of little lanes all dense with  
flowers  
That wind along and lose themselves  
between  
Mossed farms, and parks, and fields of  
quiet sheep.  
And in the hamlets, where her stalwarts  
sleep,  
Low bells chime out from old elm-  
hidden towers.\*

\**Soldier Poets*.

## PROFESSIONAL ASSOCIATION IN LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS.

Rather unexpectedly, when we pass from the liberal professions to the fine arts we do not take a step farther away from commercial organization: we return to it. It is true that the painting of easel pictures and the writing of poems and novels are acts of self-directed idiosyncratic service like that of a medical or legal consultation, or a specialized surgical operation. They cannot be delegated to other practitioners without an essential change in their character; whilst the services on which their performers are dependent, such as those of the baker and builder and weaver, are practically impersonal. But fine art is much wider than painting at the easel in a private studio; and the notion that there is no art in the production of a book except that of the poet or romancer or rhetorician, though sound enough as regards the bulk of modern publications, would have been unintelligible in the Middle Ages, and leaves out of account the books produced by such modern revivals of mediæval practice as the Kelmescott Press and its followers. Take, for example, a symphony by Beethoven. Here we have the composer, a law unto himself, producing his score in solitude, in a room without special equipment of any kind (for Beethoven, who died stone deaf, was independent of musical instruments), and without technical material of any kind except a supply of ruled paper. We seem to have got completely away from such industrial conditions as property, middlemen, managers, bodies of workmen, and commercial exploitation. Yet we have really got back to them. Before the symphony can fulfil its purpose of operating on the senses, and, through them, on the

souls of the consumers, it must be played by a body of from thirty to a hundred skilled musical executants, each equipped with a musical instrument requiring highly-skilled handling, the whole body being directed by a functionary who neither composes music nor plays an instrument, and who is called the conductor. He belongs to the group of professionals whose specific business is the control and persuasion of men.

Take, again, the case of the dramatic poet: say Shakespeare. To operate his plays for consumption the work of a company of actors must be co-ordinated with that of scene painters, costumiers, and experts in artificial lighting; and this involves the central control of a functionary analogous to the musical conductor, called a producer, who may engage not only the executants just mentioned, but several fine art painters, who design the scenes and costumes which the regular theatrical scene painters and costumiers actually manufacture from their models and drawings.

In literature, and especially in journalism, we have not only the writer, but the editor, who may be a skilled writer, just as the musical conductor may be a skilled violinist or trumpeter, or the theatrical producer a skilled actor; but this is no more necessary than that a general should be a marksman or a fencer. Editors, conductors, and producers are, however, essentially artists as distinguished from the business managers of newspapers, theatres, and concerts; and would therefore, for all creative and fellowship purposes, belong to the artists' organizations. But on the possessive side they are set apart by the fact, that when the enterprise is a

commercial one, as it almost always is in England or America, the producer or conductor is so often the employer as well as the artistic director, that no organization in the nature of a Trade Union will enroll him. Even when the conductor or producer is a municipal official, or a member of the Royal Household, as he is commonly enough in Central Europe, and therefore does not make a direct profit out of the artists whom he directs, he usually has a fixed allowance for expenses. A conductor in this position will be tempted by his artistic instincts to increase the size of his orchestra by cutting down the salaries of the players; and the producer is subject to more varied forms of the same temptation. Commercial exploitation is thus complicated by artistic exploitation, which is quite as ruthless.

Reverting to the composer and the playwright, we find another obstacle to professional solidarity that does not exist in the case of the liberal professions. The work of a doctor or barrister is personal service, inseparable from himself. This is true also of the executive artist (the player, singer, and actor) as well as of the conductor and producer. The advantage of these executive artists over the doctor is that they are able, by a single executive act, to cater for as many hundred customers simultaneously as the building in which they perform can contain, whilst the editor's paper may circulate to the limits of the language in which it is written. But the creative artist gives birth to a work of art which exists thenceforth independently of himself, and has not only this power to gratify large numbers of consumers at a single exhibition or performance, but also is not exhausted by consumption, the only exhaustion it is subject to being the exhaustion of the consumer's appetite. In modern capitals works of art many thousand

years old attract, even in a mutilated condition, more spectators than the entire civilized world could have provided for them when they were new.

Modern legislation, by the device of copyright, has enabled the creator of such a work of art to restrict its enjoyment to those who pay him for the privilege. This power is precisely analogous to the power of a landlord who withholds land from cultivation until he is paid a rent; and accordingly it places the creative artist in the category of proprietor or *rentier*. It involves a conflict of commercial interest between him and the actual cultivators (performers, publishers, etc. which excludes him from their professional organizations.

Further, this property conferred on the artist has to be managed by a man of business like any other property. And, again, like any other property, it can be detached from the artist by assignment or sale. Also, it presents an extraordinary complication which makes it one of the most difficult and onerous varieties of property in existence, inasmuch as it no sooner comes into being in the country of the proprietor than it immediately and automatically comes into being in all the countries which recognize international copyright, and is in every one of them vulnerable to piracies in the form of unauthorized translations, performances, and publications.

Now there is nothing in the technical training of the creative artist to qualify him as a man of business, or even as a man of the world in the more general sense. Business is antipathetic to his temperament, and intercourse with men of business foreign to his experience. Without the help of the business agent he is at a serious disadvantage; for he finds himself face to face with organized businesses for the exploitation of artistic property; and the directors of these businesses natur-

ally aim not at exploiting his property for his profit, but at acquiring it from him on the cheapest possible terms. To defend himself, the artist resorts to agents; but these agents soon find by experience that it is more lucrative to enable the business firms to obtain control of the artist's properties on easy terms than to act entirely in his interests. Finally, the artist proprietors are driven to organize themselves in societies for the protection of their proprietary rights. In England the Society of Authors, Playwrights, and Composers, founded by the late Sir Walter Besant, is not concerned with authors, playwrights, and composers as such, but solely with the legal protection of their property, and the collection of moneys due to them. The Royal Society of Literature, on the other hand, does not meddle with business, nor does its Academic Committee; nor yet the British Academy, all of which are literary fellowships discussing matters of taste.

In France the *Société des Auteurs et Compositeurs Dramatiques*, which corresponds to the Society of Authors in England, organizes the exploitation of the dramatic property of its members so thoroughly that the individual author is completely superseded. The control of the *Société* over the theatres is nominally so thorough and arbitrary that both managers and playwrights complain of its "tyranny," and are driven to make secret compacts to evade it. A very popular playwright can always command better terms than the highest that a professional organization would venture to fix as a standard; and the managers are not only willing, but eager, to agree to pay them. But the French Society insists on its standard terms, to the great advantage of the mediocre playwright, but to the loss and irritation of the more famous ones, who are not allowed to make individual agree-

ments. Even a foreign playwright finds to his surprise that when a play of his is produced in Paris his fees are fixed and collected by the *Société* without consulting him and without regard to any agreement he may have made for himself. The *Société* enforces its control by compelling every theatre manager to sign an elaborate General Treaty, applying to all plays produced, on pain of having all its authorizations stopped, and its doors virtually closed, by the cutting off of its supply of copyright plays. The specific contract for the production of a play is a simple memorandum of the title, date, theatre, etc., all the rest being governed by the Treaty.

The disadvantage of asserting these extraordinary powers as the price of the author's monopoly is that the penalties are too excessive to be enforced. The *Société* is in the position of a Church with no weapon but major excommunication, or a chief constable trying to stop the throwing of orange peel on the pavements with no penalty short of burning at the stake. The General Treaty, though interesting as a development of professional organization, and apparently a startling instance of professional tyranny, is, in practice, a convenience to the managers rather than an oppression, saving them endless trouble in the negotiation of separate contracts with authors. A recent not quite whole-hearted attempt to introduce it by the Society of Authors in England failed: the organized managers, after a long negotiation, withdrawing in general mistrust of its novelty on the advice of their solicitor. To some extent this result was due to the characteristic English preference for individual independence as against the characteristic French preference for logical organization. The draft treaty of the English Society differed considerably from the French treaty in being an

attempt to codify professional custom without fixing fees, its main object being to simplify specific contracts without entirely superseding them or hampering the author in fighting for his own hand. It is noted here because the General Treaty is important as a development of professional organization certain to arise in cases where neither tradition nor legislation has provided an established code of business custom, professional etiquette, or artistic ethics.

In France the *Société des Gens de Lettres* exists side by side with the *Société des Auteurs et Compositeurs Dramatiques*, the distinction being between authors who live by copyrights and authors who live by performing rights. The English Society of Authors, though it began as an organization of novelists when the vogue of the novel was overwhelming, very wisely recognized that its scope was as wide as the law of copyright, and accordingly assimilated not only playwrights and composers, but also painters and illustrators, by forming separate committees, nominally sub-committees of the Committee of Management, but virtually autonomous, to organize these branches. The economy of this course is obvious, as each branch obtains the support and assistance of a single concentrated capital fund and an office and staff. Nevertheless, professional artists and authors know so little of their own world that attempts are frequently made to start new organizations in ignorance of the existence of the Society of Authors or of the nature of its activities. Thus the Imperial Arts League, which issues a journal and has an imposing list of vice-presidents and an influential committee, seems to have been founded in simple ignorance of the fact that the Society of Authors was available for its business purposes. Its Articles of Association

expressly exclude dealers from membership; but it aims at being a society of amateurs and collectors as well as of artists, apparently overlooking the fact that the private patron of the artist and purchaser of his pictures, especially when he is an experienced collector, is just as keen on a bargain, and often as unscrupulous in taking advantage of an artist's necessities or of his innocence, as any dealer. It therefore seems improbable that the League will succeed on its Trade Union side; but as it shows plenty of knowledge of how to make artistic opinion effective, and has issued some enlightened reports, it may hold its own as a fellowship. There is room for this, as it is impossible for the Society of Authors to take any part in æsthetic agitations.

The fellowships naturally tend to sectionalism. Thus the Art Workers' Guild, though its most prominent founder, William Morris, was a great man of letters, and though it is open to the most unpretentious craftsman, refuses to recognize playwrights as art workers. This illustrates the continued vitality of the old distinction implied in the phrase Literature and Art, a distinction rooted in the fact that as everyone is taught to write and speak, whereas draughtsmanship and craftsmanship are professional accomplishments, the line at which writing or speaking becomes an art is undefined, and the line at which they become professions would include many persons who are in no sense artists.

It is not necessary to enumerate the societies of artists of various kinds which spring up and endure or dissolve in all centers of culture. Some, like the Art Workers' Guild, are pure creative fellowships, discussing æsthetics, the general sociology of fine art, and technical processes, but avoiding business and law and commerce. Others, the majority, organize ex-



hibitions of the works of the members for sale, each artist fixing his own price and paying a commission to the Society if he gets it. Some of the societies are of considerable importance, and exhibit in galleries of their own. At one extreme these Societies either place no critical restrictions on the works exhibited, however ridiculous they may be, or, in anti-academic bravado, actually demand as a qualification that they should have been rejected by the more authoritative institutions as unworthy of exhibition. At the other extreme, only works of a particular school or fashion or "movement" are admitted. Much of this exhibition work, however, is done by picture dealers in their shops, which are also galleries. Works of established salability can always find publicity in this way. As the artists are all competing with one another for purchasers, with entire liberty of underselling, these activities have no real significance as professional organizations.

A few of them, notably the Royal Academy of Arts, have certain State privileges. The title "Royal," and the signature of the reigning monarch to the diplomas of members, entitle the members to the style of Esquire; and though this has for long been accorded by courtesy to all professional men, the formal right to it is still valued. The Royal Academy, however, has more solid privileges, conferred rather thoughtlessly as a good-natured tribute to Art. Its citadel is a palatial building occupying a site of enormous value in the most lucrative situation in London, granted by the Government free of cost. The annual exhibitions held on this site bring in a huge revenue, which is administered, virtually without any effective public responsibility, by forty members, who co-opt their successors and appoint twenty associates, from whose ranks the new members are co-opted. The sixty

elect annually eight executive members and a President, who, with the treasurer and secretary, form a council of eleven by which the whole work of the Academy is transacted. Every Academician is *hors concours* in respect of six pictures annually, which he can have exhibited in the best available positions. This is a privilege of special value to a portrait painter, as he cannot only offer to aristocratic clients (with whom the acquirement of family portraits is as much a matter of routine as the purchase of tablecloths or carpets) the guarantee of his professional skill implied by the letters R. A. after his name, but can also assure them that their portraits will be hung "on the line" among the leading pictures of the year. A retirement pension of £100 a year is also secured to all members. Further, the Academy administers the Chantrey Bequest, a large sum left by Sir Francis Chantrey for the purchase of works of art of outstanding merit. Naturally, the Academy uses the income, in the main, to console those of its members or *protégés* who have been unlucky enough to be left at the end of the season with an unsold picture of the kind it likes. Finally, the Academy is bound by its constitution to maintain a school of painting.

The privileges of the Royal Academy constitute a handsome public endowment of conventional and popular easel painting and sculpture; and the objection to it is that conventional and popular easel painting is precisely that branch of the fine arts which can best support itself and is of least spiritual importance to the nation. The Academy is continually denounced by the leaders of new movements in painting and their disciples as hopelessly commonplace and actively hostile to originality in conception and novelties in execution. But as soon as the innovators make their innova-

tions popular, the Academy absorbs them; and though there are instances of painters of extraordinary powers who have ignored the Academy and been ignored by it to their deaths, it is not clear that any other practicable form of endowment would have met their cases. The domain of all collective organizations is that of the established fashions: the pioneer must hew out the path instead of having it smoothed for him.

\* The list of members and associates of the Royal Academy is the nearest thing to a professional register as yet achieved by the artists. Its restriction to sixty persons would be impossible nowadays were it not that not only are all comers allowed to send in pictures for the annual exhibition, but the space to be filled in the Academy's rooms is so large that, even if all the Academicians were to claim their privilege of exhibiting six pictures a year (assuming that they could paint them), they could not provide ten per cent of the exhibits. Far from being exclusive, they are compelled to be so indulgent that only very bad pictures or very good ones of a new kind run much risk of rejection. Thus, the general practitioner of the other professions is represented by the Academy exhibitor rather than by the Academy member. And there is no power whatever of exclusion from the profession. Academicians, no doubt, form a clique which is continually at war with the coteries; but the coteries have their own societies and galleries, and are able to exhibit their pictures to much greater advantage artistically than on the walls of Burlington House, crowded from floor to ceiling with canvases all glaring with the crudest popular coloring. The painters and sculptors can practise without license or registration, and stand or fall solely by the effect of their work on the consumer. Further, there is no

code of professional etiquette among painters. Their individual liberty to compete with one another for commissions, to undersell one another, and to disparage one another's competence seems to be unlimited.

Though there are many drawing masters both in schools of art and ordinary schools, they are not specially organized, otherwise than as Teachers.

The Royal Institute of British Architects, interferes with the conduct of its members more than the Royal Academy. It has a code of professional etiquette, and recognizes a scale of standard fees; and membership implies a certain professional status. By the nature of architectural work it is related to the Institution of Civil Engineers much more closely than to the painters, whose comparatively solitary occupation admits of an individualism, not to say an anarchy, which is too easily set down as temperamental, though it is amply accounted for by the circumstances.

The musicians present their own specific problems of organization. A musician may be a composer, and, as such, may be neither executant nor teacher. He may be a conductor, and, as such, neither a composer, executant, nor teacher. Probably most rank-and-file executants do more or less teaching; but some teachers, notably teachers of singing and composition, undertake to teach what they cannot do themselves, being in effect critical connoisseurs when they are not impostors. All the teachers and executants are specialists differing as much as masons from carpenters; for there are about twenty types of instruments in use, without counting the varieties which can be played by those who have mastered the type. The circumstances in which they work are not always conducive to fellowship: the musicians of the theatre, for example, feel less community with the musicians of the

church than a lawyer feels with a doctor. A piano teacher might join a Governesses' Association if such a body existed: she would certainly not join a Union of Principal Boys from the pantomimes, though the latter would be a union of female musicians. The virtuoso who plays the solo instrument in a concerto at a symphony concert regards himself as a great artist; but the ordinary members of the orchestra claim to be no more than professionals, whilst the great mass of mere bandsmen rank as artisans, and give the Trade Unionism of the orchestra the artisan tone.

Under such circumstances solidarity among musicians is impracticable. The Incorporated Society of Musicians is an organization of "respectable" teachers. The College of Organists is an attempt at a Guild of church musicians and teachers of ecclesiastical counterpoint. Both would, if they could, establish an orthodoxy and a register; but they have no effective powers. The Amalgamated Musicians' Union and the National Orchestral Association are Trade Unions of bandsmen. There are many concert-giving groups revolving round the Philharmonic Society, which is as heartily abused by the young lions for its elderly conventionality and obsolescence as is the Royal Academy of Arts. Membership confers no professional advantage or distinction; and the Philharmonic is interesting mainly through its traditions; for it patronized Beethoven, and after a season's trial of Richard Wagner as a conductor, discarded him for a now-forgotten member of its own clique.

The Union of Graduates in Music is an attempt on the part of the holders of the Oxford and Cambridge degrees of Bachelor or Doctor of Music to assert the dignity and validity of their titles against the holders of certain Canadian and American degrees, the

acquirement of which was alleged to depend on cash rather than on counterpoint. The Union has agitated for legislation against the use of such styles as Doctor of Music without specifying their origin, and has discredited and suppressed a certain "Guild" which trafficked in trans-Atlantic degrees of doubtful character. It keeps the educational bodies informed as to who are or are not university graduates in music in the sense which carries authority in this country; and in this way it has made the way of the bogus musical doctor too hard to be better worth while than that of the teacher who makes no pretense to academic rank.

But both the Incorporated Society of Musicians and the Union of Graduates in Music are really teachers' organizations (and they have accordingly already been described among the teachers); and as such they have had to resign themselves, after a struggle of some bitterness, to accept registration as teachers with the non-musical teachers. The alternative, they found, was not to be registered at all. The difficulties were considerable; for whilst the musicians claimed a special Platonic dignity for the theory of their art, and founded high pretensions to culture and refinement on its practice, the teachers objected to their inclusion on the ground that they were not qualified teachers of the alphabet and the multiplication table! The matter was adjusted finally, but on terms which leave the musicians in a permanent minority in the Teachers' Registration Council.

In the theatre the scene shifters are organized; and so are the bandsmen. But the Actors' Association is only a beginning, and is often hardly more than a name and an ideal. Actors have no common bond of class or standard of comfort or character. An actor may be a scholar and a

gentleman, a knight or even an hereditary peer. He may also be an illiterate clown, sprung from the poorest class. An actress may marry into the aristocracy and be in every way worthy of her position, or she may be unpresentable in any but the most abandoned Bohemian circles. The illiterate and unpresentable may earn thirty shillings a week, or they may demand and obtain salaries which our greatest Shakespearean tragedians would never dream of. The modern invention of the cinematograph, which has opened lucrative careers to actors and actresses who could not speak a line presentably, has accentuated these discrepancies, which make fellowship impossible. As to economic organization, the highly-paid stage favorite is eagerly offered better terms and more unreasonable privileges than any professional association could claim for its members; and the drudges are so poorly paid and so precariously situated that they dare not even seek protection of any sort, lest it should handicap them in obtaining engagements. The grievances of actors are unlimited hours of unpaid rehearsal, insanitary dressing-rooms, and the competition of stage-struck amateurs who will not only act for nothing but actually pay for the privilege, either directly or in the form of financing the theatre on condition of playing the leading parts. In rank-and-file business, which requires no more professional skill than anyone can acquire with a little practice, actresses have to compete with women who use the stage only as an advertisement of their real profession, and who raise the standard of dress and depress the standard of remuneration until they drive genuine actresses from the stage. But the remedy seems to lie rather in legislation than in organization, which the circumstances make all but impossible.

Summing up the situation of the

arts of self-expression, it appears that the most effective organizations in them are not strictly professional organizations at all, but organizations of teachers as such, or of proprietors of copyrights and performing rights as such. The teacher of thoroughbass finds that his place is with the teacher of thermodynamics and not with the violinist or composer; and the composer of a popular ragtime which rages on every gramophone must combine, not with the teacher of thoroughbass, but with the proprietor of a film which "features" Miss Mary Pickford or Mr. Charles Chaplin. Thus the Society of Authors becomes the Society of Authors, Playwrights and Composers, and has special committees of draughtsmen and composers, whilst the Royal Society of Literature, the Academic Committee, the Musical Association, the Art Workers' Guild, the Dramatists' Club, and the rest of the specifically professional organizations, in so far as they are not merely gossiping clicks have to content themselves with discussing their art on its creative side, and indulging their impulses towards fellowship, whilst they cannot exercise any effective control of the social and political destinies of their professions. It is, of course, quite salutary and economical that the egotism and snobbery of professional sectionalism should be thus overridden by the need for co-ordination of the larger interests of the artists as members of the community with those of other pursuits; but unfortunately the alternative of not organizing at all is available, and is very largely adopted. The contrast between the extreme vehemence of individual opinion among artists and the ineffectiveness of their public opinion is striking. If they are not treated by statesmen as altogether negligible, it is rather from the benevo-

lence their art inspires than from any respect for their powers of or-  
The New Statesman.

ganizing and enforcing their interests on Parliament.

G. Bernard Shaw.

### COQ-D'OR: A LETTER TO A SOUL.

My dear Dick,—When you went out from the breastwork that night, along the little muddy path, and whispered me a laughing *au revoir*, I thought no more of it than a hundred similar episodes that made up day and night in these mad, half-romantic, unbelievable times. There was nothing especial to make the incident memorable. It was ten o'clock at night and the second relief for the sniper pits had gone out half an hour or so. A frost had started after the previous day's cold rain, the water-filled crump holes had iced over and the so-called paths through the wood were deceptively firm looking, though in reality one's feet and legs sank through the ice a foot deep into that ghastly, sticky foot-trodden mud.

I knew your job—to visit the listening patrols and the snipers on the edge of the wood—and I remember thinking that your habit of going out alone without an orderly was foolish, near though the posts might be to the breastworks. However, you were young—four and twenty isn't a great age, Dick—and I recalled your saying that you would no more think of taking an orderly than of asking a policeman to pilot you across Piccadilly Circus.

The wood was fairly quiet that night, though there were the usual bursts of machine-gun fire, the stray ping of high rifle shots against the branches of the trees, and the noisy barking of that fussy field battery of ours which always seemed to want to turn night into day. The light of the moon let me see you disappear into the shadows, and I heard the scrunch of your feet as you picked between the

tree trunks a gingerly way. Then I went along the breastwork line, saw that all was right, found Peter munching chocolate and reading a month-old copy of *The Horse-Breeders' Gazette!*—fellows read such funny literature in war time—in his dug-out—and myself turned down the corduroy path to the splinter-proof hut that you so excellently named "The Château."

Dennis and Pip had already turned in and had left me an uncomfortably narrow space to lie down beside them, and they were daintily snoring. Through the partition beyond I heard our company servants doing the same, only with greater vigor in their snore. But my bed was already prepared, the straw was only moderately dirty and odorous, and after ridding my boots with a scraper of some portion of the mud, I thrust my feet into the sandbags, lay down, coiled myself up comfy in my bag and blankets and went to sleep.

For ten minutes only. Then I suddenly awakened into full consciousness and found myself sitting up staring into the darkness, and the chinks of moonlight coming in below and at the sides of the ill-fitting door. I was listening intently too, and I did not know why. The wood was absolutely quiet at the moment, and Dennis, Pip, and the servants had all settled off into their second sleep where snoring is an intrusion.

I had not dreamed, or I had no recollection of any dream if I had. But upon me was a curious ill-defined sensation of uneasiness. No, I am wrong—uneasiness is not the word. The feeling was merely that some-



thing had happened. I did not know where or how or to whom.

Now the one thing one ought not to be in war time is fidgety. It is a bad habit and yet a habit into which it is very easy to drift. So with this thought upon me I deliberately lay quietly down again and attempted to renew the sleep from which I had so suddenly been awakened. Of course I failed. Sleep had gone from me completely, absolutely, and moreover there was a force—that indefinite word best describes it—impelling me to be up and doing. Doing what Heaven only knew! I struggled against the feeling for a minute or two, then I definitely gave in to it. Fidgety or not, I was going out of the hut.

Dennis awakened momentarily as I rose and untied the sand-bags off my legs and made for the door. He muttered "What's the matter?" heard my "Nothing, go to sleep again," and did as he was told.

The night was beautiful outside and I stood at the door of the hut shivering a little with the cold, but thinking what a madness it was that had turned this wonderful wood into a battlefield! The sound of a rifle shot knocking off a twig of a tree three or four feet above me recalled my thoughts. Mechanically I felt to see that I had my revolver, and then with my trusty walking-stick in my hand I went up to the front breastworks.

I went along them and found all correct—the sentries alert and at their posts. They were in the third night of their spell in the trenches and in the moonlight they gave one the impression of sand-stone statues, their khaki a mass of dried yellow clay. Then I peeped in at Peter and found the youth still munching chocolate, and afterwards I went along to your abode expecting to find you asleep, and found instead that your tiny dug-out was untenanted.

The curious feeling that had awakened me from my sleep had disappeared while I had been making my tour of the breastworks and only now did it reappear. There was no especial reason why I should have been anxious, for a score of things might have taken you elsewhere, but I nevertheless found myself striding quickly back to the little gap between No. 2 and 3 breastworks, the spot where I had last seen you and where you had bidden me good-night. I questioned the sentry. It happened to be Rippon, that quaint little five-foot-three cockney, who, I honestly believe, really likes war and chuckles because he is genuinely amused when a shell hits the ground ten yards in rear and misses the trench itself. He had seen nothing of you since we parted.

"Mr. Belvoir," he said—and you know how he mutilates the pronunciation of your name—"never comes back the same way as he goes out." He gave me the information with a trace of reproof in his voice, as though I ought to have remembered better the principal points of my own lectures on Outposts, which I had so often given the company in peace time. I nodded, walked along to the other sentries and questioned them. They had none of them seen you return. They were all quite confident that you had not passed by them.

I returned to Rippon and stood behind him a moment or two. The cold was increasing and he was stamping his feet on the plank of wood beneath him, and humming to himself quietly. I did not want to seem anxious, but I was. I could not understand what had become of you, where you had gone. I took a pace or two towards Rippon and spoke to him.

"Things been quiet tonight?" I said casually.

He started at the sound of my voice, for he had not heard my approach.

"Quieter than usual, sir," he answered. "There was a bit of a haroosh on the left half an hour ago and the Gerboys opposite us took it up for a minute or so, but they've quieted down since. Funny creatures, them Gerboys," he ruminated—"good fighters and yet always getting the wind up. I remember at Ligny when we was doin' what wasn't too elegant a retirement, me and Vinsen was in a farm'ouse. . . ."

I stopped him hurriedly. When Rippon gets on to the subject of Ligny his garrulity knows no bounds.

"I'm going out ahead, Rippon," I said. "I'll come back again this way. Warn the next sentry that I shall be doing so. Give me an orderly, too." Rippon looked at me curiously. Perhaps my tone was not normal. Then he bent down and stirred a man snoring in the breastwork beside him. The man stirred uneasily and then suddenly jumped up and clutched at the rifle through the sling of which his right arm was thrust.

"What's up?" he murmured. Rippon smiled.

"It ain't no attack," he answered. "The Captain wants you as his orderly."

A minute later we had left the breastwork line and were out in front in the wood, our feet breaking through the thin film of ice and sinking over our ankles in the mud beneath. Belgian mud may not be any different from other mud, but to my dying day I shall always imagine it so. It clasps you as though it wants to pull and keep you down, as though, with so many of your friends lying beneath it, you too should be there. We tugged our feet out each step, treading on fallen branches where we could. I tried to trace by footsteps the path you had taken, but failed. I could not think of anything better to do than go out to the sniping pits and question

the men there to know if you had visited them.

I turned to the left then and made for number one group, Bell, my orderly, following a pace or two behind. A cloud came over the face of the moon, the night became suddenly dark, and the next moment I had stumbled and almost fallen over what I imagined for a second to be a stray sand-bag.

It was not a sand-bag, God knows it was not! The moon reappeared and I saw it was you, Dick, lying on your side, with your legs outstretched. I bent down when I realized that it was a body, turned you over on your back and with Bell's assistance ripped open your Burberry, your tunic and your vest. A bullet had gone straight through your heart, there was a little spot of congealed blood on your breast, and—you had died—well, as suddenly and as easily as you deserved to do, Dick. On your face was a smile.

I am not good at analyzing feelings and there is no purpose in trying to analyze mine. Indeed, I cannot remember exactly what my sensations were. I had no sorrow for you, as I have never had sorrow for those killed in this war. I do not suppose two men have ever been closer friends than you and I, yet I was not even sorry for myself. I remember that I turned to Bell and said half angrily: "I told him to take an orderly, I was always telling him to take an orderly!"

I heard Bell's irrelevant reply, "Damn them Bosches, sir." (The men in your platoon had an affection for you, Dick.) Then together we raised you, your wet clothes frozen, your hair matted with mud, and picking up your cap and rifle from the ground, carried you slowly back to the breastwork line, and there wakened a couple of stretcher bearers.

Oh! I'm sick of this war. Dick.

dully, angrily sick of it. This world can't be anything, I know, otherwise fellows like you would be kept in it. For a week or two the fighting is all right; it is amazing, and wonderful and elemental. Then as month after month goes by, when there is nothing in your brain but making your line stronger, when you think in sand-bags and machine guns and barbed wire and bombs, when the stray shot or the casual shell kills or lacerates some sergeant or corporal whom you have had since his recruit days in your company, given C. B. to, spoken to like a father, recommended step by step for promotion and at length grown to trust and rely on—then it begins to show its beastliness and you loathe it with a prolonged and fervent intensity.

Down at the field dressing station half a mile away, the young doctor did what he could to preserve the decencies of death. I stood at the door of the little cottage and looked out into the night. I remember that my thoughts flew back to the immediate days before the war and to a night a little party of us spent at the Russian Opera at Drury Lane, when we saw that wonderful conceit "*Cog-d'Or*." You, your sister, I and that young Saxon friend of yours—and of your sister's too! We had dined at The Carlton and were ever so pleased with life. We had chuckled delightedly at the mimic warfare on the stage, the pompous King, the fallen heroes. Now the mimic warfare had turned to reality and here you were—dead in a ruined Belgian cottage.

I left after a quarter of an hour and returned to the wood, my feelings numb, my brain a blank. The corduroy path seemed interminably long. Sleep was not for me that night and the morning would do to tell Peter, Dennis and Pip that you were killed. Unaccompanied by any orderly this time,

I went through the breastwork line to the spot where we had found you. The impress of your body was on the ground; your loaded revolver, which for some reason or other you must have had in your hand, was lying a yard or two away. I picked it up, examined it and noticed that a round had been fired.

I wondered why. You must have aimed at somebody and that somebody must have shot back at you, and the somebody must have been close. You were not the sort of man to blaze off into the blue. I leaned against a tree and tried to think the matter out. Our snipers were out on your left, so the shot could not have come from that direction, and a hundred yards on the right was the machine-gun emplacement and the first of the out-works. In between was Potsdam House, that no-man's habitation into which, before the outskirts of the wood had become definitely ours, sometimes the German patrols had wandered and sometimes ours. We had had a working party there the night before sand-bagging the shell-shattered walls and making the place a defensive or a jumping-off spot, as one might wish.

It was almost unthinkable that any German or Germans could have reached it, for we had a listening patrol fifty yards ahead, but it was just possible that a brave man might have avoided the patrol and have done so. At the thought I made up my mind to move forward, and took my revolver from my holster. My wits suddenly became keen again, my lassitude left me, the sight of the outline of your body on the frozen mud made me angry, wild.

I had only fifty yards to go, but I went as cautiously and silently as I could. I did not intend to be killed if I could help it. I was out to avenge, not to add another life to the German

bag. I chose the spot for each step with excessive care. I stopped and listened if my feet were making too much noise on the frozen ground.

Then just as I was about twenty yards from my objective I heard a sound. Stopping suddenly, I listened. Someone was talking in a confused, halting sort of way. A snatch of conversation, a long pause, and then another remark. The voice was so low that I could not make out words, but I had the impression that it was not English that was being spoken. The tone was uniform too, as though it were not two people but one speaking—a curious, pointless monologue it sounded like.

My heart was beating a little more quickly, my fingers clutched my revolver a little more tightly. I knelt down, wondering what to do. The voice came from the ruined Potsdam House, and if indeed a small German patrol had got in there it seemed foolhardy to go alone to meet them. On the other hand, it might be but one person there, though why he should be talking thus to himself I could not imagine. Anyhow, foolhardy or not, I was going to find out.

I moved forward therefore over the intervening yards slowly and as quietly as might be. The voice broke off at times, then continued, and each time that it stopped I halted too, lest in the stillness I should be betrayed.

You remember the little pond at the side of the house, the pond that has at the bottom of it, to our knowledge, a dead Bavarian and an Argyll and Sutherland Highlander? At the edge of it I must have stopped a full five minutes, lying flat upon my stomach and listening to the intermittent sound of the voice. It was clearer now, low but distinct, and at last I knew for a certainty that the words came from a German throat. Occasionally a light laugh broke out

which sounded uncannily in the still air. Laughter is not often heard from patrols between the lines, and I was puzzled and interested too.

A minute later I had clambered over the broken-down wall and was in what we used to think must have been the drawing-room of the house. Some time after this war is over I shall return and make straight for this house. I want to see what it looks like in daytime. I want to be able to stand in front of it and look out on the country beyond. I've crawled into it a dozen times at night, I've propped up its shelled, roofless walls with sand-bags, I've made a lookout loophole in the broken-down chimney. I've seen dim outlines from its glassless windows of hills and houses, but I am sure, quite sure, that when I see it and the country beyond it in the full glare of a summer sun I shall give a gasp of astonishment at what it is and what I thought it was.

Once inside the house I paused no longer, but, my revolver ready, my finger on the trigger, made straight for the spot from which came the voice.

My revolver was not needed, Dick. In the farthest corner of what we used to think must be the living-room, just near the spot where we found that photograph of the latest baby of the family in its proud mother's arms and the gramophone record and the broken vase with the artificial flowers still in it—you remember what trophies they were to us—just there was the man. He was seated with his back propped up against the sand-bags where the two walls of the room make a corner, his legs angled out and his arms hanging limply down. It did not take a second glance to see that I had to do with a badly wounded German, but I took a look round first to make sure that there were no others either in the shell of the house or near it. When I had made certain, I re-

turned to him and, putting my revolver within my reach on the floor beside me, knelt down and examined the man. He was plastered with mud, his cap was off his head, his breath was coming in little heavy jerks, and on the blue-gray uniform, just below the armpit on the right side, was a splash of blood mingling with the mud.

What I had done for your dead body I did for his barely living one, opened the tunic and by the aid of my electric torch—it was safe enough in the angle of the walls—examined the wound. It did not need a doctor to see that the man's spirit was soon going to set out on the same voyage of adventure as yours, but I did what I could. I ripped my field dressing out of the lining of my coat and bound up the wound. Then I took out my flask and poured some brandy into his mouth. He had winced once or twice as I had dressed the wound but had not spoken; I think he was scarcely conscious.

But the spirit revived him and in a minute or so his eyes slowly opened and looked into mine. There was no such thing for him then as enemy or friend. He was simply a dying man and I was someone beside him helping him to die. His head turned over to one side and he murmured some German words. You used to laugh at me, Dick, for my hatred of the German language and my refusal to learn a word of it, but I wished heartily I knew some then. I answered him in English in the futile way one does. "That's all right, old man," I said. "Feeling a bit easier now, eh?"

He looked at me fixedly for a moment or two and then suddenly summed up the International situation in a phrase.

"This damned silly war!" he said.

The remark, made with a strong German accent, was delivered with a little smile, and there was conscious-

ness in his eyes. He finished it with a weary sigh and his hand moved slightly and rested on mine as I bent over him. There was a pool of water beside us in a hole in the hearth and I dipped my not too clean handkerchief in it and wiped some of the mud off his face. If I had felt any enmity against him for killing you, it was gone now. A war of attrition those beautiful war critics term it, and here was the attrition process in miniature. He had killed you and you had killed him, an officer apiece, and the Allies could stand the attrition longer than the Germans. I knew the argument and I have not the slightest doubt it is sound. In the meantime here was a man dying rather rapidly, very weary and only too ready for the last trench of all.

I chatted to him and have no notion what I said. I dare say it is a comfort to have, at the hour of death, a human being by you and a human voice speaking to you. He was quite conscious, the water on his face had refreshed him and had revealed clear-cut, aristocratic features, that had nothing bestial or cruel about them. Just as I had thought about you, so I thought about him. Waste! waste! I felt as though I had met him before, and certainly I knew his type if not the individual. Perhaps too, sitting opposite one another week after week, in trenches two hundred yards apart, the spirits bridge a gap the bodies cannot. I do not know, I do not greatly care.

His voice was feeble, but he seemed to wish to speak to me and his English was that of an educated man, precise and at times idiomatic. He accounted for that almost in his first words.

"I have been in England on long visits, twice, three times," he said. "I like England. Germany and England are worth dying for. Also I am Saxon and Saxony is a great country. Anglo-Saxons is it not?"



"Anglo-Saxons," I repeated lightly. "We have the same blood in us."

"Good blood, too," he said, glancing down at the little splash of it on his tunic. "A pity to spill so much. Will you bathe my face again, it helps me, and I would like to die clean."

"Don't talk nonsense," I said. "Tomorrow morning you will be in our lines—another man." He did not answer for a moment, then he said, almost with humor in his voice, "That is quite true, tomorrow morning I will surely be in your lines—a dead man."

Again there was silence between us. He spoke the truth and knew that I knew it. His arm moved: the fingers of his hand pawed aimlessly at the rubble by his side. I half rose and told him that I was going to our breastworks to bring some bearers with a stretcher.

He shook his head and spoke in a voice almost strong. "No, please, no! You shall go in half, in a quarter of an hour. I am quite easy here. In no great pain. Death is, sometimes, quite easy. I would like you to stay if you will."

"Of course I will stay if you wish."

"Yes. Also I would like to speak to you. . . . I . . . I . . . killed . . . one of your officers . . . just now?"

"Yes," I said.

"I . . . saw him fall. As he fell he fired at me too. I am sorry I killed him. Will you tell his . . . his . . . people so? And tell them, too, that it is just war . . . silly, wasteful war. He was a soldier, was he, by profession I mean?"

"Yes, a soldier."

"Then it is his death . . . I am only a soldier as all of us are soldiers. In peace I make music, compose you call it. Music is better than war."

"Far better," I answered grimly enough.

"If I had lived I would have written great things. I had vowed it. I had

in my head . . . I have it still . . . a . . . wonderful ballet. It would have been finer than Petrouchka—as great as *Coq-d'Or*. And the ballet of our enemies, the Russians, would have performed it. . . . Enemies! how silly it is." He smiled.

My heart beat a little faster. This was madness, sheer madness, for us to be discussing music and the Russian ballet on the battlefield and with him dying. But at the words "*Coq-d'Or*" my memory had suddenly stirred, and I carried on the conversation eagerly.

"*Coq-d'Or* is wonderful, isn't it?" I said. "Where have you seen it?"

"Where have I not?" he answered. "In Moscow, Berlin, Paris, in London. It is great, astonishing."

"In London?"

"But a short time ago—just before the war. I . . . I . . . had a friend. I was staying with him. He, too, was a soldier. I forget in what regiment. I was not interested in armies then." He stirred uneasily and partially turned over on his side. I put my arm beneath him, moistened his lips with the water. He sighed and began to wander in his talk, the words German, beyond my comprehension. Yet one kept recurring that told me all, everything. He must not, should not die yet!

Only for a minute or two did his delirium last. Then his senses returned and quite suddenly he pressed my hand, and though his voice was fainter the words were distinct and spoken very slowly as though he wished to be sure I understood.

"I . . . I want you to do something for me. . . . I am sure you will. We are both gentlemen. . . ." His hand moved to his breast and he made as if to take something from his tunic.

"In the pocket of my coat, inside, there is a little leather case. Inside that . . . a photograph of a lady, of an English lady too." (Oh! little world,

O narrow little world!) "It has been with me through the war. I dare not and would not have shown it to one of my comrades. . . . When I die I want you to take it out and send it to the Honorable Richard Belvoir. He was a lord's son, my friend, and the photograph is of his sister. I . . . she did not know it, you understand? . . . I loved her."

Did she not? I wonder. My thoughts rushed back again to Drury Lane, to the crowded house, to the little quartette of us, you, I, the young Saxon, and Peggy, standing together in the foyer during the entr'acte. Every one of her twenty years had added something to her beauty and as you and I strolled away and left the other two together, I remember I wondered if we were making a proper division of the quartette and if it was quite fair to the Saxon to leave him to such an inevitable result. I spoke my thought to you and I recall your laughing comment.

Of course I promised to perform the simple duty the dying man gave me. I was glad he had not recognized me. It made the duty easier. Once I had spoken the promise he thanked me and seemed contented. He had little strength left and the end was very near. His body slipped lower down, he tried to speak no more—his breath came more feebly.

The next day we buried you and him side by side in the little clearing at the back of the road. In your pocket is the little leather case with your sister's photograph in it. I have given it to you as I was asked to do. The crosses in the clearing daily are added to in number. Some day your sister  
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will come to visit the spot, I am writing to her telling her of your death and of the Saxon's too. But of how closely they hung upon each other I shall not speak. It is enough that she should think a strange chance brought you together in the same part of the line, that death came to both of you and that you now lie side by side.

Chance! What a word it is. It explains nothing, it evades all. I can imagine you, knowing now so much more than we do, smiling at the idea of such a thing as coincidence. I have said that I am weary beyond words of this war. I am sure you and the Saxon were weary of it too. I am not guessing, for I am in some way absolutely sure that the twin shots which disturbed the silence of the night were mercifully winged; that you and he, who must have had more in common than I knew, were sending each other unwittingly the final gift of good fellowship.

Good-night. I am sitting in the dug-out you and I shared. The sound of the artillery has died down. The divisional guns have fired their final salvos at the enemy's cross roads and dumps. The Germans for once have not even troubled to reply. Pip and Dennis are out with working parties. The new machine-gun emplacement on the right of Madden's mound, which you were so anxious to have finished, is done. Whatever you may say, I am still not sure that it is rightly placed. Perhaps you know that it does not matter where it is placed!

Some day, somewhere, we shall meet. Till then good-bye, Dick.

Yours ever

Philip.  
R. C. T.

## THE MISUSED POTATO.

When I was a small boy running about wild on the pampas, amazingly interested in everything and making wonderful discoveries, I was attracted by a small flower among the grasses—pale and meek-looking, with a yellow center, petals faintly washed with purple, and a lovely scent. It charmed me with its gentle beauty and new fragrance, and surprised me with its resemblance, both in flower and leaf, to the potato-plant. On showing a spray to my parents they told me that it *was* a potato-flower. This seemed incredible, since the potato was a big plant with large clusters of purplish flowers, almost scentless, and, furthermore, it was a *cultivated* plant. They explained that all cultivated plants were originally wild; that long cultivation had had the effect of changing their appearance and making them larger; that was how we had got our wheat, which came from a poor little grass with a seed scarcely bigger than a pin's head. Also our maize and huge pumpkins and water-melons, and all our vegetables and fruit. I then took a table-knife and went to look for a plant, and when I found one I dug down to a depth of six inches, and there, sure enough, was the tuber, attached to the root, but quite small—not bigger than a hazel-nut—perfectly round with a pimply skin, curiously light-colored, almost pearly. A pretty little thing to add to my collection of curios, but all the same a potato. How strange!

From that time I began to take a new interest in the potato, and would listen eagerly when the subject of potatoes was discussed at table. When the potatoes were taken up about the beginning of December, and then the second crop in autumn—April or May—my father would tell the gardener to

pick out a few of the biggest ones for him, and these, when washed and weighed, would be placed as ornaments on the dining-room mantelpiece, in a row of half a dozen. They were not pretty to my mind, but they were astonishingly big when I put my small marble of a wild potato by the side of them. Then when some English neighbor, ten or twenty miles away, would ride over to see us and stay to lunch, my father would take up the potatoes one by one and hand them to him and say, "What do you think of this one? and of this one?" and then "and of *this* one?" *This* one would be the biggest. Then he would add: "What does *your* biggest potato weigh?" and when the other replied, "Ten (or perhaps twelve) ounces," my father would laugh and say, "This one weighs fourteen ounces and a half; this fifteen and three-quarters; this one just turns the balance at sixteen, and *this* one seventeen ounces what do you say to that?" The other would reply that he couldn't have believed it if he hadn't seen and handled the potato himself, and my father would be happy and triumphant.

Not only were the potatoes of that land as large as any in the world, but they were probably the best in the world to eat. They were beautifully white and mealy, with that crystalline sparkle of the properly cooked potato in them which one never sees in this country. Strange to say, our Spanish neighbors, even those who had a garden, did not grow nor eat them: they were confined to the English settlers and a few foreigners of other nationalities.

Here I will venture to relate an incident which, though trivial, goes to show how little our native neighbors knew about the potato, which

was so important to us; and at the same time it will serve to illustrate a trait common to the native of that land—the faculty of keeping his face. A young girl of about ten, the child of poor natives living in a small ranch a couple of miles from us, was invited by a little sister of mine to come and spend a day with her, to look at dolls and other treasures, eat peaches, and enjoy herself generally. We were a big family, but my sister's little guest, Juanita, took her place at table as if to the manner born. Lamb cutlets with a nice big potato on the plate were placed before her, also a cup of tea, for in those days tea was drunk at every meal. After a glance round to see how eating was managed in these novel conditions, she began on the cutlets, and presently my little sister, anxious to guide her, called attention to the untasted potato. She looked at it, hesitated a moment, then, taking it up in her fingers, dropped it into her teacup! The poor girl had never seen a potato before and had never had a cup of tea, and had just made a guess at what she was expected to do. We youngsters exploded with laughter and our elders smiled, but the girl kept her balance—not a flush, not a change in her countenance. "Oh, you must not do that!" cried my sister. "You must eat the potato with the cutlet on the plate, with salt on it." And Juanita, turning towards her little hostess, replied in a quiet, polite tone, "I prefer to eat it this way." And in that way she did eat it, first mashing it up, stirring it about in the tea, and then eating it with the spoon!

This singular presence of mind and faculty of keeping their dignity under difficulties is, I imagine, an instinct of all uncivilized people, and is in some curious way related to the instinct of self-preservation, as when they are brought face to face with a great danger and are perfectly cool

where one would expect them to be in a state of confusion and panic.

Other memories connected with the potato come back to me, but I have no space to relate more than one. I had a small brother and one day we were discussing that most important subject, the things we liked best to eat, when it occurred to us as very strange that certain articles of food were only eaten in combination with certain other things, some with salt and others with sugar and so on, and we agreed to try and discover a new and better way of combining different flavors. We started on our boiled eggs and ate them with sugar or treacle and cinnamon instead of salt, and found that it wasn't very nice. By and by we found that peaches cut up and eaten with cream and sugar tasted delicious. And after that we broke the peach-stones and made a mash of the kernels in a mortar and ate that with cream and sugar, and agreed that it was a great success. By and by one of our elders told us that the peculiar flavor of the peach-stone pip which delighted us and was so good with cream and sugar was due to the presence of prussic acid, and that if we went on with this dish it would certainly kill us all in a little while. That frightened us, and we started experimenting with the harmless potato. And here we met with our greatest success: let all gourmets make a note of it. Select a good-sized egg-shaped baked potato and place it in a small cup and treat it as you would an egg, cutting off the top. Then with your spoon break it up inside, pour in oil and vinegar, and add pepper and salt. A delightful combination! We tried to improve on it by substituting cream or butter for the oil, but it was the flavor of olive oil and vinegar combined with that of the potato which made it perfect.

Altogether the potato was very much

to me in those early years, all my feelings regarding it having originated in the chance discovery of the meek-looking little flower with a delicate perfume among the grasses. It grew to be more when I heard the history of the plant in cultivation: how the aborigines had used it as food before the discovery of America, and how it was first introduced into the British Isles by Sir Walter Raleigh. This action served to make him appear to me the greatest of all the shining Elizabethans—greatest in all he thought, said, and did, good or evil: as courtier, poet, explorer, and buccaneering adventurer and seeker after a golden city in savage wildernesses; as prisoner in the Tower and author of that most eloquent History of the World; and, most beautiful of all, on the scaffold, by the block, when, like the king who was to come after him, he nothing said or did to cast a shadow on his lustre or cause any lover then and in the ages to follow to grieve at a momentary weakness on his part.

All this served to make the potato so important to me that when I stood among the plants, growing higher than my knees, in their lush-green embossed leaves and purple bloom, with a cloud of red and black and yellow and orange and white butterflies hovering about them, it seemed to me that America had given the two greatest food-bearing plants to the world—potato and maize; and which was the greatest I could not say, although the great maize-plant was certainly the most beautiful in its green dress and honey-colored tresses, which the hot sun would soon turn to gold and by and by to a Venetian red of a tint which one sees but rarely in his life, in the hair of some woman of almost supernatural loveliness.

Then I came to England and was shocked at the sight of my first dish of potatoes on the table. "Is *this* the way

potatoes are cooked in this country?" I asked in astonishment. "Why, yes; how else would you have them cooked?" I was asked in return; and they too were shocked when I said the sight of that sodden mass of flavorless starch and water made me sick—that it looked like the remains of a boiled baby in the dish, boiled to a rag. For up to then I had seen potatoes on the table as they appear when boiled in their skins, peeled, and placed in a large shallow dish with a little butter on them; and in that way they have the appearance of large cream-colored fruit, and send out an agreeable smell and have a nice flavor.

Here was quite a different thing: this was the "homely potato" of the British journalist; homely indeed!—stripped of its romance, spoiled in the cooking, and made nasty to the eye. Yet this is how it is eaten in every house in England! In Ireland and Scotland I found that the potato was usually cooked in the proper way by people of the peasant class. But what do the doctors, who make our digestions their life-study, say of this misuse of the potato? I don't know; all I hear them say about the potato is that if your digestion is bad you must not eat it. What, then, will they say when I tell them that I have a weak digestion and whenever I have a bad turn I cure myself by dining for a day or two on nothing but potatoes? Cooked in their skins, I scarcely need add, and eaten with pepper and salt and butter. No soup or fish or meat or sweets—nothing but potatoes for a day or two and I'm well again. Perhaps they will say that I am not a normal subject! But we needn't bother about the doctors. Just now, while writing this article, I asked my landlady's daughter in the village in Cornwall where I am staying if she had ever tasted a potato boiled in its



jacket, as they were cooked for me in the house. Yes, she had, once only, and didn't like it because it didn't taste like a potato—such a funny flavor!

That funny flavor, so unlike the taste of the tuber boiled and water-logged in the homely English way, is precisely the flavor which makes it so nice to eat and so valuable as food; also, if I may slip in the personal pathology or idiosyncratic abnormality, so perfect a cure for indigestion. It is, in fact, the taste imparted by the salts which mostly lie close beneath the skin, and are consequently thrown away when the potato is peeled before boiling. Nor can this waste be avoided by scraping the potato, since scraping removes the waterproof skin and, the

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skin gone, the boiling water saturates the potato and carries the salts away.

This is a serious matter in these days, when we are trying to economize in the matter of food and when the potato is very much talked about. I suppose that there are about thirty or forty millions of us who consume about half a pound of potatoes per day; and it is not only the case that hundreds of tons of excellent food is thrown away every day in the peeling process, but that the most valuable elements in the potato are wasted. Perhaps the war, among other great things, will teach us to value the potato properly, as, I believe, it is and always has been valued in most countries outside these islands.

*W. H. Hudson.*

## IN MEMORIAM: FRANCIS COWLEY BURNAND, 1836-1917.

EDITOR OF "PUNCH," 1880-1906.

Hail and Farewell, dear Brother of the  
Pen,  
Maker of sunshine for the minds of  
men,  
Lord of bright cheer and master of our  
hearts—  
What plaint is fit when such a friend  
departs?  
Not with mere ceremonial words of woe  
Come we to mourn—you would not  
have it so;  
But with our memories stored with  
joyous fun,  
Your constant largesse till your life  
was done,  
With quips that flashed through fre-  
quent twists and bends,  
Caught from the common intercourse  
of friends;  
And gay allusions gayer for the zest  
Of one who hurt no friend and spared  
no jest.  
What arts were yours that taught you  
to indite

What all men thought, but only you  
could write!  
That wrung from gloom itself a fleeting  
smile;  
Rippled with laughter but refrained  
from guile;  
Led you to prick some bladder of conceit  
Or trip intrusive folly's blundering feet,  
While wisdom at your call came down  
to earth,  
Unbent awhile and gave a hand to  
mirth!  
You too had pondered mid your jest-  
ing strife  
The deeper issues of our mortal life;  
Guided to God by faith no doubt could  
dim  
You fought your fight and left the rest  
to Him,  
Content to set your heart on things  
above  
And rule your days by laughter and  
by love.

Rest in our memories! You are guard-  
ed there  
By those who knew you as you lived  
and were.  
Punch.

There mid our Happy Thoughts you  
take your stand,  
A sun-girt shade, and light that shad-  
ow-land.

R. C. Lehmann.

### NATURE'S POLICE FORCE.

It may surprise many who have only a bowing acquaintance with natural history to learn what a heavy toll is exacted from the farmers' crops every year by birds and beasts that are rightly classified as vermin. Professor Lyde, for instance, gave some figures recently in *The Times* that must make the most impassioned defender of Philip Sparrow wonder whether he had not better transfer his affection to some more deserving fowl. The sum of £800,000 a day, during the harvest, seems rather an extravagant price to pay for him. The aggregate amount of grain destroyed by rats and mice in the course of a year must come to an almost incredible figure.

Various suggestions are being made for increasing Nature's police force and reducing the number of corn-destroyers by encouraging artificially those birds and beasts that prey upon them. The plan seems hopeful, especially to those who have not much practical acquaintance with wild life. Game preservers have thinned the ranks of sparrow-hawks almost to extinction in some districts, and so loaded the dice in favor of sparrows. Could not the process now be reversed? Such arguments sound plausible, and have a certain substratum of truth in them besides, but they are open to several serious objections.

The first is that, as emergency measures, they are practically valueless. The destruction of our raptorial birds has been a slow process, spread over many years, and any appreciable increase in their numbers would have to

be a very slow process too. You cannot, by waving an enchanter's wand, summon back to life those hawks that have dried in the wind on a thousand keepers' gibbets, nor is there any possibility of suddenly increasing the breeding stock. If all sparrow-hawks were rigidly protected by law, and it was made a felony to possess one of the mottled eggs that every schoolboy covets, there would, no doubt, be a small increase in their numbers in five or ten years' time, and a corresponding decrease in the number of sparrows and other small birds. But it is not unduly optimistic to hope that before then the seaways will be once more clear.

A second objection is even more cogent. Sparrow-hawks devour sparrows, but chickens are just as much appreciated by them and far more easily caught, and the sparrow-hawk that has once discovered a brood of young chickens will visit the place again and again till there is nothing left but a distracted Niobe, bewailing her fate, in a coop.

But all should do what they can to make conditions easier for nature's policemen. As a first move, all land-owners ought to make and enforce a rule that no owls are to be hurt or interfered with on their estates. With the possible exception of the Little Owl, which has been injudiciously introduced here and there into England, owls are literally worth their weight in gold at the present time. This would long ago have been recognized universally but for the fact that, as a family, they do good by stealth, flying in the

late dusk, when the rats and mice, on which they feed, also emerge. Both of the common English owls deserve strict protection, but the White or Barn Owl is the more useful of the two. The Brown Owl, whose mellow hoot is familiar to all inhabitants of wooded districts, destroys great numbers of voles and field-mice, but a much larger proportion of its food than is generally suspected consists of large night-flying insects, particularly the common shard beetle, *Geotrupes Stercorarius*. The White Owl is the mousing owl *par excellence*. In many old-fashioned farms he used to live, and sometimes does still, in a semi-domesticated condition, roosting by day among the rafters of the barn, and hunting by night round the buildings and ricks of corn, his dietary being almost entirely confined to mice and young rats.

In spite of Waterton's indignant denial there is some foundation for the charge that white owls occasionally take young pigeons out of the columbarium, but pigeons are such voracious eaters of grain themselves that the accusation, even if true, will hardly now be reckoned a fault. There, then, is a first rule. Preserve owls strictly and enforce, with the heaviest penalties that are permitted, all existing by-laws that protect owls and their eggs.

Another benefactor is the kestrel, but he cannot be commended so heartily as the owl. There are kestrels and kestrels. For the most part they confine themselves strictly to the mice and voles that may be regarded as their legitimate food, varying the diet

The Times.

with an occasional beetle; but sometimes a perverted individual disgraces his tribe by taking to the destruction of young chickens or game-birds. With game-preserving in abeyance this will not be very noticeable, but the chicken-killer, when discovered, should be dealt with at once in the same way as a man-eater amongst tigers. As a race, kestrels should be encouraged, but any appreciable increase in their numbers will have to be a work of time. No raptorial birds multiply very fast.

Among mammals, stoats and weasels have been mentioned as likely allies, in this batrachomyomachy where the frogs are men, but the alliance, certainly in the case of stoats, would prove dangerous. A stoat will not eat rats when he can get rabbits, and rabbits are such a useful source of food supply that their numbers had better be kept in check by human means. Any large increase in the stoat population would mean that the very profitable custom of dotting poultry-houses about in outlying fields of a farm would become extremely risky. A stoat's thirst for blood is insatiable, and poultry-keepers have enough drawbacks already, without having a plague of stoats to reckon with. Weasels are more generally useful, especially if, as is sometimes the case, they will take up their abode in the neighborhood of rick-yards. With their small, slim bodies, they can follow all the ramifications of a mouse-run in a wheat-stack, and they are less liable than their larger relations to turn their attention to other prey.

## THE INTERNATIONAL FUTURE.

In a sense International Reconstruction is the first of all problems, for on the success which we achieve in this sphere depends the degree of possible

success in the reign of domestic questions. A settlement of the War which is no settlement, and which leaves untouched the real roots of strife, will

inevitably drive the states of the world further along the road of armaments. The international atmosphere will be one of misgiving, uncertainty, suspicion, hostility; preparedness with its ever-increasing drain upon human and material resources, will be the generally accepted policy. Thought and effort which, in happier circumstances, would have been devoted to the constructive tasks which confront society, will be directed to national defense, diplomatic moves and countermoves, and to the maintenance of a delicately poised equilibrium, which, once seriously disturbed, may throw the world headlong into war. Wealth which might have been used for the furtherance of human welfare will be poured into naval dockyards and armament firms, and men will waste valuable years in the sterile activities of peacetime soldiering. It cannot be too strongly emphasized, nor too often repeated, that all hope of National Reconstruction—social, industrial, educational—rests upon the establishment of a new international order.

On the other hand, the national outlook must deeply affect the international future. The ideals and traditions of national life must necessarily color the international outlook. No country can consistently and permanently uphold ideals of freedom and justice in the world if its own life is distorted and coarsened by injustice and oppression. In the long run, a nation's actions in the larger world will mirror its own inner life. Which is to say that the world is what the nations of the world make it; it can be no better than the communities which compose it. And each community is what its members make it. Fundamentally, therefore, the real basis of International Reconstruction is a new individual outlook on life, a change of heart, if you will, among the inhabitants of this and other countries.

There are many indications that international relations are being regarded in a new light and from the higher vantage-ground of a tragic experience. The truth is that the world has awakened to its puny achievements in the sphere of the wider human relationships, and to the feebleness of its steps along the road of freedom. Mankind feels ashamed of finding itself drenched in blood. There is a growing conviction that no effort must be spared to set international relations upon the firm foundations of international morality. For assuredly if, through half-heartedness or timidity, we fail in this, then the war itself will have been useless—unless, indeed, it is merely a prize-fight with a purse for the victor. The future will look back upon us with contempt and anger if, having fought for liberty, we do not enthrone freedom among the nations. And freedom is a mere chimera so long as the states of the world live in fear of possible attack, and if the international atmosphere is charged with suspicion, mistrust, and latent antagonism—in a word, so long as there is no community of nations.

Public opinion is crystallizing in favor of some form of league of nations. There are various schemes, some differing in principle and some in detail; but behind them all is a common impulse and a common motive. They are all the expression of a need for a step forward in international organization. We are aware that for generations men have evolved schemes—some of them curiously similar to those now being pressed upon the world—which it was thought would save the nations from war. We realize fully that there are serious obstacles in the way of the establishment of a league of nations on a sound and permanent basis. But the conditions of today are not parallel with the conditions of the past; and the difficulties

which bestrew the path are difficulties which, we believe, may be overcome. It would be a grave crime if the states of the world were to let slip the opportunity of bringing into being a league of nations pledged, as far as is humanly possible, to the avoidance of war. With the details of a scheme of this kind we are not at the moment concerned. There is, however, one point of great importance to which reference should be made. The question has been raised as to whether a league of nations should be confined to the present Allies and neutral states, or whether the Central Powers should also be eligible for admission. The states which feel the need for international co-operation are those which rest upon democratic principles. International co-operation is altogether foreign to the spirit of autocratic states. Autocracy is sufficient unto itself; co-operation necessarily deprives it of its spirit. Our answer then is, that the proposed league should be a league of democratic states, and that its membership should be limited to states with responsible government. On this plan, the Central Empires would be eligible for admission just as soon as they became democratic states, and no sooner.

Assuming that a league of nations is established on the ruins of the old Balance of Power, we shall have moved some distance in the direction of preserving the world's peace. A league of nations in itself, however, does not necessarily go beyond the provision of machinery for dealing with disputes after they have arisen; it is not primarily concerned with cutting out the roots of war from human society. An international league, valuable as it may be, is therefore a question of relatively minor importance. If our aim be to make the world free—and it cannot be free until its peoples live at peace with one another—the task pre-

sents itself as a great constructive problem. The task is positive, and not negative; it is to do certain definite things, and not merely to prevent the doing of certain other things.

On this view, International Reconstruction becomes an attempt at international co-operation for international ends. In the past, the tendency has been to regard international questions from the national point of view. World problems, if they were conceived as such, were considered only in relation to their reactions upon the State. The "international mind" as yet hardly exists; but until we recognize that there are great problems transcending those of individual states, problems which can be solved, therefore, only by agencies transcending the individual states, international relations will be a barren sphere of human activity concerned with unreal issues. The work of the world can no more be successfully carried on by a number of independent states than the work of a country can be performed by the sum total of local authorities within it.

A league of nations concerning itself with the avoidance of war, by its very nature, can have no comprehension of these larger human questions. The distinction is between disputes and the causes of disputes; the two questions are on entirely different planes. Whilst, therefore, we must support the establishment of a league of nations, we regard it as of less importance, fundamentally, than constructive international co-operation in the sphere of world problems. The relations between the races of the world, the utilization of the world's material resources, world highways, are examples of questions which mankind has never faced; yet they contain within them the seeds of strife. The world already has its postal service, administered by the Universal Postal Union; why not, therefore, its High-



ways Commission? There is an International Institute of Agriculture; why not an International Institute of Mineral Supplies? If public opinion favors a league of nations concerned with machinery for preserving peace, would it not also support a league of nations for the co-ordination and development of the world's highways, and leagues for other special purposes?

It is not only upon interstate organization of various kinds, however, that we rely to overcome insularity and to generate a wider outlook and a wider citizenship, but upon the growth of those voluntary agencies which unite citizens of different states in the bonds of a common interest. These agencies range from the modest periodical conferences of learned societies to the larger organizations, such as the international trade-union and co-operative movements. They symbolize *human* interests and a larger unity. They supply that horizontal grouping of people with common ideals and activities all the world over which checks the separatist tendencies of the vertical groupings we call states. Human  
The Athenaeum.

society at its best is a complex of horizontal and vertical groupings; its weakness is not merely in the indefiniteness and incompleteness of its vertical groups, but more particularly in the insufficiency and variety of its horizontal groups, whether interstate or voluntary.

The main duty of the future, then, is not so much to suppress evil as to set free the forces making for positive, constructive effort in the world, to multiply the agencies whereby the peoples of the world can work side by side in the performance of common duties and the attainment of common ends, to piece together the broken strands of international life and to weave into it the strands of new interests. In this largest field of human effort there are possibilities as yet beyond the horizon, unseen even from the loftiest pinnacles of human experience. But the peoples of the world must embark on the new era, not with the pride born of power, but with humility, and in the spirit of service to an ideal of human society dwarfing to insignificance the empires of the past.

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## IRELAND: AN APPEAL.

There is, we fear, grave danger lest the attempted settlement of the Irish controversy should fall to the ground. Need we waste words in describing the consequent loss and peril to the nation? Need we argue that there never was a moment in its history when the nation could less afford the loss of any increment of energy and goodwill, whether from within or from without? A contented Ireland, finally acquiescent in her part as an equal nation of the great British commonwealth, would mean to us first, and least, the possibility of direct additions to our fighting strength; secondly

heartier co-operation in the supply of all necessities; thirdly, the removal of the great obstruction to sympathy with our cause in the United States; fourthly and greatest of all, the removal of the one serious moral blemish in our position as the champion of democratic principles and national right. And if we fail we not only fail to secure these great gains, we incur the risk, almost the certainty of mischief greater and more far-reaching than can easily be realized—the growth of disaffection in Ireland following on the failure of Parliamentary methods for more than a generation; the rapid spread of a

new popular movement in Ireland, undisciplined, it may be, and ill-organized, but drawing to itself all the new political life and energy of the nation, whose watchword will be war against England; the yet deeper division of religion and party in Ireland; the final ruin of Irish Parliamentarism, the great weapon which Mr. Parnell forged and which will have broken in the hands of his successors. Are these consequences to be lightly incurred? Are they not such as every man of sense and patriotism must be ready to strain every nerve to avoid?

The problem from one point of view is small; from another it is very great. Stated in concrete terms it comes down to this. At long last it is agreed on all hands, by Unionists no less than by Liberals, even by Ulster herself, that Ireland shall have Home Rule—not all Ireland, or at least not all Ireland at once and in full measure, but all Ireland that is admittedly Nationalist. That is an immense advance, an advance which only the stress of war could have brought about. But there remains a part of Ireland—a small part, but to both sides very precious, in which the parties are almost equally divided, and where, though on a poll the Nationalists would probably have a small majority, this cannot be affirmed with certainty. Tyrone and Fermanagh, these two out of Ireland's thirty-two counties, are the bone of contention. Ulster, fearing to lose them, refuses to allow their fate to be put to the hazard of the vote; Nationalists, on the other hand, claim—and by every law of political equity rightly and reasonably claim—that these, like the rest, shall determine their own fate by the vote of a majority. It is the policy of "county option" against the policy of the "clean cut," and so stated it is insoluble. So stated, also, it appears a

small matter, a question of just these two counties, but on this small matter what great issues do not hang—the whole secular antagonism of North and South, the bitter contentions of hundreds of years! And only by thus regarding it, and by remembering that the real problem to be solved is not one of narrow boundaries but the great and vital one of reconciliation, can we rightly envisage our task or hopefully approach its solution. It is not so much a question of what will England pay for a loyal and contented Ireland, as what will Ireland pay to escape the eternal round of internal dissension and bitterness. England can help, just as in the past she has long and cruelly hindered; Unionist England, above all, can help by moderating the forces of antagonism which even in the most recent past Unionism has done so much to let loose and to intensify. English Liberals also can help by studiously refusing to make any sort of party capital out of the Irish difficulties of the present Government, and by throwing all that they have of suggestion and goodwill into the common stock of British statesmanship. But the main effort must come from Ireland; it is she alone who can save her own soul.

On what sort of lines is it possible to look forward to a settlement? To begin with, it ought to be clearly recognized from the start that only a provisional and temporary arrangement is in wartime possible. That has the advantage of not binding anybody too closely and, while making a practical beginning, leaving the door open for experiment and for large revision at a later stage. We believe there is no longer any Unionist veto on the arrangement negotiated by Mr. Lloyd George six months ago and to which both Sir Edward Carson and Mr. John Redmond were assenting parties, of which the main features were the

"clean cut"—as a purely provisional arrangement—and the retention of the Irish members in full numbers at Westminster in order to mark its provisional character. In any case, the acceptance of this is the very least concession which British Unionism can make towards a solution of the whole problem. A complete change in the financial clauses of the Home Rule Act is necessitated by the fact that the Irish Budget now shows a large surplus instead of, as formerly, a deficit, and the readjustment should be on generous lines. But these things are not enough. Much has happened since the fatal day when the miracle of agreement between North and South was permitted to come to naught. What barely would have sufficed for peace then will suffice no longer. The whole temper of Ireland has changed since the rising and the executions, and it is a different world which must be faced. "Ireland a nation"—all Ireland—is now the cry in a sense and with a force unexampled for many a long day. That may seem an impossible demand to satisfy and a vast addition to the difficulties of a problem already difficult enough. It need not be so. For the statesman who knows how to handle it the demand may be made a source not of weakness but of strength. To make Ireland one, to reconcile her with herself—that

The Manchester Guardian.

should be the object no less of British than of Irish statesmanship, and in the satisfaction of this larger demand may be found the medicine which shall cure the petty strife of boundaries, thus reduced to its right place in a wider perspective. What matter to which side of a temporary boundary the two disputed counties fall, if within a time now near and measurable there is the prospect—almost the assurance—of a definitive unity in which boundaries, if not obliterated, shall become of small account? What if a small price has to be paid now for a great reward in the near future? These are not words and pious aspirations. We are convinced the thing can be done. Machinery can and must be devised which shall give legislative unity to Ireland while retaining for the part of Ireland exempted from the direct legislative control of the Dublin Parliament absolute security for all its interests. Out of co-operation thus established and at work for the experimental period a larger unity of feeling and interest would be bound to arise, and when the time for the further adjustment came it would be under conditions far more favorable and in an atmosphere largely purged of misunderstanding and mistrust. Ireland could then frame her own Constitution. At least let her have the opportunity.

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### COMING TO.

Whatever our dreams have been, we are as a rule glad to wake. Whether we have been subject to nightmares or enchantments, we regain the familiar world with pleasure. All the sensations of life may be gone through while we are what is called unconscious, except one. It is only in the real world that we find monotony, and on the whole mankind likes monotony.

When the war is over it will seem to most of us who have remained at home to have been a bad or a good dream. Those to whom it has meant the loss of those they love, the loss of the means of livelihood, the loss of all their hopes in one sense or another, will inevitably wonder how, to any one, the remembrance of it can ever be other than horrible. But it is im-

possible to go about London and not be struck by the look of happiness upon the faces, for instance, of the younger women, and impossible not to wonder what they will do when it is all over. Will they ever settle down any more? Can they? How many women among one's own acquaintance can one count who, without completely altering their way of living, have been able to invest it with a new interest? They do not look listless any more. They have an air of conscious success and good health. Take, for example, the person who, perhaps without ill-nature, we might call the Merry Miser. All her life she has found her recreation in a sort of organized economy. Housekeeping for her has meant producing for sixpence the same result as other people produce for ninepence. It is not a quality which finds approval in everyday life. If she has servants, they are sure to have disliked and despised it. If she has children, they have probably rebelled against it. Her husband, who ought to be grateful to her, has probably been more often irritated by such cheeseparing as has come under his notice. If she is a sensible woman, she has put a curb upon her passion for thrift, and suffered pain silently when her relations waste the light and the notepaper or make up a good fire, or when the servants eat more than seems reasonable. She has not talked about the amount of time and trouble she expends upon what she calls "organization," and what other people call "fussing after details." Her favorite occupations, her predominant interests, respectable and laudable as she has believed them to be, have had to be kept dark, and she has often felt injured in the past. She knows that the boys' schoolmasters dreaded her letters, that her daughters' governess had a secret contempt for her, and that no one, not even the guest in her house, ever felt

quite free. The poor whom she came across repelled her by their open-handed folly. She realized sadly that she could never get at them across the mass of broken rules and wasted pence which stood between them and her. Now everything is changed. She is in the right; her friends are in the wrong. They come humbly to her for advice. She finds them talking all day long about the subjects which they snubbed her for recurring to. Her family are proud, not ashamed, of her ways. She has the habit of sparing. Dearth cannot take her by surprise. No one can impose upon her. For her the temptation of shop windows does not exist. She is accustomed to hesitate, to look twice at her money, to suspect imposture, to refuse to lend, to refrain from purchase, to live within the iron walls of a prearranged plan. "Now they recognize my household statesmanship," she says to herself; "now they see that I really understood the faults of the poor." She is an example, not a laughing-stock. Truly life is worth living—if you will but think it out.

Then take the opposite extreme. Take the woman who has never felt that life at home could satisfy her at all. She detests housekeeping, scorns frugality, and sees no object in being what old-fashioned people call "within" when her husband is working all day. If her children are boys, she has probably sent them away early; if girls, she is not very much interested in them. The world interests her, and social improvements interest her; and she has worked hard, and perhaps very ably, at all sorts of semi-public jobs. If she belongs to one set of society, her aims may have been political; if she belongs to another, they have probably been parochial. Perhaps she has been successful, but she has not been able greatly to enjoy her success. She has suspected that a large number of

her acquaintances a little disapproved of her. Murmurs of a name which sounded like Mrs. Jellyby's have from time to time reached her ears. Other women have talked pointedly of their children before her, and have denied the keen interest which she knew that they at other times have displayed in public matters. Relations have been still more open in their criticisms. Her husband has seemed to her sometimes to side with them. Now she also is an example. Now no one feels quite easy who does not undertake some form or other of war work. They find, to their surprise, that the modern Mrs. Jellyby's children are not so badly provided for, and have taken no great harm in her constant absences. They revise their opinion of her, and copy her in their measure. She can show them how to do a great deal which they are now trying to accomplish. She is used to working with strangers, to avoiding friction, to keeping correct accounts, to "method" generally. In fact, she has had a business training of a sort, and they have had none. They go to her hat in hand, and she feels for the first time in her life that she is wholly approved and looked up to. She feels wonderfully happy. How pleasant is the atmosphere when one is a little raised above one's fellows!

Again, if we turn to the new generation, to the children who have just stopped growing and finished their education, there is the discontented girl who has longed, with a longing she has never dared fully to admit, even to herself, for a little money. Her parents have perhaps lived quite up to their income, and have seen no sort of need of giving her anything for her pocket. She has felt that the very servants had more to "play with" than she. Her craving for the ordinary means of a little innocent freedom of action, such as none of the men she

lives among would consent to go without, belongs perhaps to the best part of her nature. She has probably never been able to give away a shilling, and on this account she has felt the doors of philanthropic occupation closed to her. Most "occupations" which offer themselves to young women are of a philanthropic nature. It is easy to laugh at many of them, but they do offer an absorbing interest and great opportunity for the relief of suffering to those who have even a very little money to spend. Nearly all those who direct these institutions, be they the heads of great societies or merely curates, will assure their lieutenants that they need never give a penny, and that all their expenses will be paid; but those who have experience know better. Philanthropy with an empty pocket is a very irritating and often a very heartrending job. A young woman without money or of a very strong humanitarian bent will not take them up; an idle girl can think all day of her own adornment. Very few well-to-do parents stint their girls in clothes, and insensibly the consideration of dress takes up more and more of their daughters' time and eats away their minds. But all this belongs to three years ago. These girls are fully occupied now, at work of real importance, and they are well paid for it. With money jingling in their pockets, they can do as they like in their "off" time. They are discontented no longer.

In English youth—among the women as much as the men—the feverish spirit of adventure is not uncommon. There are girls—a few only—to whom travel and danger are as the breath of life. Such are doomed, for the most part, to live as caged birds. We have all watched them in times of peace—attracted perhaps by something which may be compared to a cage-bird's song—and have been troubled by the sight of their restlessness. Nothing



satisfied them. We have probably disliked them for the disturbance the very sight of them creates. They cannot work; they cannot rest; they are unhappy single and more unhappy married. If they perform the duties of life, they perform them against the grain. They take ill for no reason and kick against every prick. The blood of some adventurous forefather surges in their veins. A great flight of such have lately crossed the Channel and fulfilled their heroic destiny. Added to these we get a crowd of women who, while not displeased with their situation and not sighing for any other, have yet intensely and for long wished for a change. They have smiled contemptuously at the vagaries of suffragettes, and then for one passionate moment have wondered whether they could last out till sixty or seventy without ever being off duty, without a change of any sort. Men do not realize how great is the scope of the ordinary masculine common round as compared with the ordinary feminine one.

When these last "come to" they will settle down excellently well. They  
The Spectator.

desired only a moment's relief, and they have had it. In too many cases, needless to say, the "change" has been turned to tragedy; but tragedy has not touched every home. A vast army will come home—and the majority of men between forty and fifty have not been away. The discontented girls will be a great problem, but we must remember that they will never have again the sense of hopelessness. They can work—their work is worth money—and with the Colonies drawing nearer to us they will for the most part find careers. What about the danger-lovers? Will they settle down? Never—but they have had their day. They will live and die not wholly dissatisfied. What about the Mrs. Jellybys and the Merry Misers? They can never be changed, but perhaps they will have been sweetened by a little approval. What, again, of the thousands who followed painfully in their footsteps for a limited time? Well, they will be subject to a reaction. We shall be blessed with a great many stay-at-home women, and irritated by a good many extravagant ones, for a long time to come.

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#### ON NAMES.

If there is to be equality of the sexes, how can the custom be justified of a woman on marriage being required to abandon her own family name and to take her husband's? Her personality attaches to the name she has had from birth. It may perhaps have won recognition, distinction, fame. Suddenly it is discarded. She goes through the rest of her life badged not as herself, but as someone's wife. She ought to be a noun: she is reduced to the level of an adjective.

Some men and women, reforming spirits, impressed by the absurdity of this, have sought a solution by com-

binning their surnames on marriage. But this clearly will not do. A Mr. Borwick marries a Miss Johnson; they become Mr. and Mrs. Borwick-Johnson. A Mr. Gleddie marries a Miss Stephens; they become Mr. and Mrs. Gleddie-Stephens. So far so good. But if one of the hyphenated couples has a son and the other a daughter, and in course of time these two marry, are they to be called Mr. and Mrs. Borwick-Johnson-Gleddie-Stephens? In each generation are names to increase by geometrical progression? In a hundred years a signature would not be a name, but a genealogical tree.

The first equalitarians have indulged in a luxury which their successors cannot imitate. They have broken the Kantian law of morals: "Never act unless you can also will your principle of action into the rank of universal law."

Women who marry after they have won distinction in public life sometimes nowadays keep their maiden names for use on the platform or in the Press. But that must be very uncomfortable. Particularly when they have children. They must feel that they have a dual personality. On the stage or in the other arts that does not matter. But in politics, or in the trade union world, where individual character counts, a man or woman cannot be divided into two; the whole personality is in the public eye. When women enter Parliament, as they soon may, one cannot imagine a Miss Mary MacBride canvassing her constituency under that name, and being so designated in the House of Commons and in the books of reference; while everyone knows that in private life she is really Mrs. Williamson, and that the eloquent young man who speaks at her meetings is her son. The only solution that we can suggest to this problem is that the husband and the children should remain as they are, but that the wife, if she so wishes, should carry forward her maiden name into her married name, and be known as Mrs. MacBride Williamson. It will be rather cumbersome. It will not be quite so bad, indeed, as the Russian practice. If you become friendly with Madame Epanchin, you have to remember not only her surname, but both her Christian name and her father's Christian name as well, and must address her as Lizaveta Prokofyevna. If women combine their family and their husband's names, the memory will have to carry a double burden. But it is difficult to find an alternative.

Unless, indeed, the ancient convention continues in spite of its offense to modern ideas.

But what reason is there why the memory, crowded enough with useful things, should be required to store up the Christian names of baronets and knights? The Mr. Johnson whom we all know as the pertinacious member for Bloomsbury appears in the King's Birthday Honors List. Six months after we wish to write to him or about him, or to speak of him in conversation or at some meeting. Is it Sir Arthur Johnson or Sir Alfred? Or is it Sir Alan? It certainly begins with an A. We look him up in *Who's Who* and find it is Sir Christopher. Why should we be put to such pains?

How absolutely right are the French journalists, who brush aside such foolish conventions, and speak of Sir Gray and Sir Carson! If Mr. Gray at one time, Lord Gray at another, why not Sir Gray in between?

Worse still, when Sir Christopher Johnson in his upward climb reaches the House of Lords, and the personality the world has known so long disappears into the title of Lord Walterham. Here is an effort of memory which few are willing to undertake. Who is this Lord Walterham who goes about speaking on institutions for the mentally defective? No one knows, and no one takes the trouble to ascertain. Here and there a Lord Cromer attaches an even greater fame to the new designation than he had won for the old. But, as a rule, when a fresh title is taken on entering the House of Lords, whatever significance the old name conveyed disappears straightway. Perhaps, however, this accords with the facts of the case.

Worst of all are the bishops. Their signatures are an anachronism which surely ought now to be discarded. Every bishop's letter ends with a

cryptogram for which you need a key. A distinguished personality is lost in Randall Cantuar, and it is difficult to detect the interesting features of Dr. Winnington-Ingram in A. F. Lond. It is time that the episcopate gave up mediævalism in this at least, and took to common sense.

"Names?" says Carlyle's Professor Diogenes Teufelsdröckh of the University of Weissnichtwo. "Could I unfold the influence of Names, which are the most important of all clothings, I were a second greater Trismegistus. Not only all common speech, but science, poetry itself is no other, if thou consider it, than a right *Naming*."

The fortunes of parties depend to some extent on their designations, for these have a certain psychological influence on the electorate. Mr. Graham Wallas has some suggestive observations on this in his admirable book, *Human Nature in Politics*. The matter assumes an even greater importance in the naming of States. There seems to be a certain incapacity among the Anglo-Saxon peoples to find good, simple names for the countries in which they live, names round which traditions may grow and sentiment cling. France, Italy, Spain, Russia—those are fine names, each in itself a history and an appeal. England is a mighty name, and Scotland. But when these two countries united, our ancestors must needs bring in a grandiloquent epithet and call the new state Great Britain. They even tried to change Scotland into "North Britain." *Nemo me impune lacessit!* This was a hopeless attempt. But it was only a few years ago that it was officially abandoned, and a Postmaster-General told the public that if they persisted in writing on their envelopes N. B. instead of Scotland, they might expect their letters to be sent to New Brunswick.

When Ireland was added the case

was made worse, and the official title of the land we love became the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Our neighbors, asked whence they come, can say "I come from France" or "I come from Italy"; but we must not say "I come from England," because we may in fact be Scottish, or Irish, or Welsh, and we ought not to say "I come from Scotland," because Scotland is not a separate State. We are expected to reply, with patriotic fervor, "I am a citizen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland."

Our postage-stamps are the only ones on which no name of the country of issue appears. We believe that the question was considered afresh when new designs were prepared at the beginning of the present reign, and that it was decided not to insert a name for three reasons. There never had been a name on the British stamps, and it was regarded as a piece of pardonable pride that the country which invented the adhesive stamp should have the distinction of issuing one which the world should be required to recognize by the effigy of its sovereign alone. In the second place, a stamp is small, and the name of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland too long to allow it to appear without unseemly crowding. And, lastly, the stamps are current in the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man; these are not part of the United Kingdom; the name "British Islands" is too unfamiliar to be a fitting designation for this purpose.

The citizens of the United States of America are in almost as bad a case. So clumsy is the designation of their country that they call themselves Americans, and rob the inhabitants of the rest of the continent, if not of a local habitation, at least of a name.

Canada and Australia are fine names,

but what is to be said of New South Wales and British East Africa? When the splendid uplands around Nairobi are filled with their millions of prosperous colonists, can we imagine a patriotic meeting joining in a national anthem, "British East Africa, British East Africa, 'tis of thee we sing"? And why should a vast Canadian province, attracting a great population of intelligent and progressive people, already equipped with fine cities and a stately university, confidently anticipating a brilliant future of wealth and greatness, be hampered through its career by the name of Saskatchewan? Strangely enough, the inhabitants themselves seem to like it. To them it is so familiar that they do not know that to the rest of the world it conveys an idea rather comic than noble. Perhaps, however, in course of time, when the facts about the prov-

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ince are more generally known, the name will connote those facts and nothing else. Massachusetts and Mississippi must once have seemed not less outlandish.

But real harm is done when the British polity itself goes under the title of Empire. The world assumes that a British Empire must be of a class with the Roman Empire, or the Austrian Empire, or the German. Free peoples throughout the world have first to be taught that it is at bottom a Commonwealth before they can feel wholly in sympathy with its aims and ready to be helpful in its trials. When, after the war, the constitution of the Empire is refashioned and an organic union is created, it is of real importance that the fresh start should be made free from this handicap. The new birth should be followed by a fresh christening.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

In "The Triflers" Frederick Orin Bartlett describes the emotional developments attending a marriage of convenience between a beautiful young heiress, pursued by fortune-seekers, and desiring above all things freedom and independence after years of unquestioning acquiescence in the whims of a crabbed old aunt, and a man ten years older, of ample means himself, touched by sympathy with her embarrassments rather than by any more romantic feeling, and offering to give her a husband's name so that he may play a brother's part. The plot opens in Paris, unfolds during a "honeymoon" along the Riviera, and reaches its climax with the breaking out of the Great War. The story is fluently told, and will have a certain popularity, but it lacks the individual flavor which marked "The Wall Street Girl." Houghton, Mifflin Co.

"Bringing Out Barbara," by Ethel Train, is a New York society sketch which, if read aright, may prove a wholesome lesson for any young girl who contemplates making of society a career. Barbara grows to the age of seventeen without any association with her parents or opportunity of knowing them, as from her earliest years she was sent to school in the winter and to camp in the summer. When at last school is finished, the task of getting acquainted with a father and mother who have no other interest in life than society proves a very difficult one indeed. Poor Barbara's experiences with "the man of the world," her shocks of realization when knowledge takes the place of ignorance and innocence, are common enough, but teach a truth which seems never learned. However, her story proves that sweetness and staunchness of

spirit can overcome most of this world's troubles. Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Winning His Game" is another of Ralph Henry Barbour's stories of school life, written primarily for young people, but none the less interesting for grown-ups, since the qualities of manliness, courage, self-restraint and ability to play the game are necessary to all of every age, however the circumstances and conditions may vary. This particular story deals with the fight of the shy boy to win his proper standing among his fellows. The school is a little world, with all the social distinctions and prejudices common to the real world, and proving human nature the same in boys as in men. "Winning His Game," with its double meaning, has all the cleanness, love of honest sport and wonderful descriptions of baseball characteristic of Mr. Barbour's best work. No recreative reading for boys and girls can be more highly recommended than just such books as "Winning His Game." D. Appleton & Co.

A city of thirty thousand inhabitants in the North Mississippi Valley—the State capital and seat of the State University—is the scene of Honoré Willie's latest novel "Lydia of the Pines," and its heroine is the twelve-year-old daughter of a hard-working, discouraged and morose farmer of New England birth, living in an untidy shack in its outskirts. Ambitious and generous-hearted, the motherless girl's devotion to her little sister, her persevering but blundering efforts to bring house, clothes and manners nearer to the standards of more prosperous schoolmates, and her struggle for an education are described with great skill, and would of themselves make the book well worth reading. But a wider interest is added as

local politics touch Lydia's life through an old-time friend of her father's, whose project for throwing into the market the coveted lands of an Indian reservation twenty miles out, is the main plank in his platform as he runs for Congress. The chapters devoted to the Indian problem in this recent aspect are written with great vigor and in a spirit which recalls Helen Hunt's "Ramona." It is by their attitude toward this burning question that Lydia finally tests her lovers, and if the reader suspects them to be more numerous than such a girl would have had in real life, so much the worse for real life. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

"The Eyes of the Woods" is the latest of Altsheuler's stories of Henry Paul, Long Jim, Tom, and Shiftless Sol, who give their time and all their powers to guarding from the Indians the early settlers of Kentucky. No Indian plot could ever escape their vigilance, nor attempted Indian approach deceive their keen eyes, which won for them their title, "The Eyes of the Woods." This volume is an account of that period of their lives when, by their continual outwitting of the Indians, they had brought upon themselves the relentless hatred of three tribes, who determined at any cost to put an end to them. The tale of how five men could escape a thousand Indians and of how one man for many weeks was pursued by the thousand savages, and of his adventures in making his way through primeval forests from the Ohio to the Great Lakes, makes thrilling reading. Such a book as "The Eyes of the Woods" serves an excellent purpose at the present moment, in bringing to mind what our forefathers endured to give us our nation and inspiring us with the courage, resourcefulness and unselfishness of pioneer days. D. Appleton & Co.